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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME VII — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1930 — NUMBER 23

Copyright and Copywrong

WITH so much contentious legislation coming before the short session of Congress, a bill about which there should be no dispute ought to have quick passage. The Vestal Bill for General Copyright Revision has been approved by every important organization interested in the writing, production, sale, and acquisition of books in America. The publishers are for it, the authors are for it, the newspapers and magazines are for it, the printers and binders are for it, the motion picture and theatre interests, the libraries and booksellers, the American Bar, the educational, literary, collegiate, historical, scientific associations favor it. There is apparently no opposition except, first, from a few Congressmen who think that the extension of copyright to fifty years after the death of the author may increase the cost of books, and second, and more important, from General Inertia.

That the cost of copyright books would be noticeably increased by changing the present term is not probable. Under the old law copyright may be had for fifty-six years after publication. To alter this provision to fifty years after the death of the author is merely to conform to a general European practice which has been felt to be fair to the heirs of a creator of literary property, and has proved to be generally acceptable. It should always be remembered that literary holdings are about the only form of property which in the public interest is made terrainable at all. But, even if it were held, this fancied objection to a provision necessary if we are to join the International Copyright Union, of which only China, Mexico, Russia, and the United States are not already members, would be outweighed by the general advantages, not to say necessities, of the Bill.

The only protection for American books, plays, moving pictures, music, etc., abroad at present is secured by a rather humiliating fiction. We copyright through London, under the fiction that we are still a British Colony. As was quite proper, the Rome Copyright Conference of 1928 gave permission to withdraw this privilege as of August 1, 1931, and if the Vestal Bill is not passed, American authors, and all others who depend upon copyright, may suffer from the shortsightedness of our copyright policy, which ever since the novels of Dickens and Thackeray were stolen on publication to the disgust of their authors and the great discouragement of American novelists who could not compete with good books that paid no royalties, has been notorious for its incapacity and stupid selfishness.

There are other advantages in the Vestal Bill besides its main purpose which is to insure for us a membership in the International Union. It makes copyrights divisible, which, in the complicated situation that has resulted from serial, moving-picture, and dramatic rights, is a protection for both seller and buyer. It makes copyright automatic on publication, which will protect many an innocent who does not know the potential value of his wares. Most of all it raises the professional ethics of literary protection to the level of European practice.

The thick-skinned may be little concerned that for generations our copyright practices have been a reproach to us, but even those least interested in foreign opinion must approve a bill so much desired by those who write, make, distribute, sell, and buy literary property in America.

The test of a legislative system is whether meritorious legislation can be enacted when it is needed. This bill should not be delayed or lost while debate over more political questions takes the time of Congress. We urge all readers of the *Review* to bring their wills to bear upon Senators and Congressmen so that we may once and for all clean up the copyright mess.

Frosty Groves

By HAROLD VINAL

EMPTY the bough, the laurels are
Cut in the marble groves of pain,
And we, who wandered near and far,
Do not go that way again.

The beaches tremble each to each,
The larches beat their silver breasts,
The crystal wave along the beach,
Sweeps to the willow's foot and rests.

No bird sings matchless Greek; the groves
Are empty of their wanton hope;
Only the Faun of Darkness roves
After the slendor antelope.

Enchantments fail and gold is gone;
The apples that were fat are lost;
The watchman of the groves at dawn,
Crunches like Death against the frost.

The berries and the pods are bare;
But Silence, with her throat unbound,
Folds her frail hands and does not care,
Having at last escaped from sound.

This Week

"Pauline, Favorite Sister of Napoleon."
Reviewed by J. M. S. ALLISON.

"An American Epoch."
Reviewed by EDWIN MIMS.

"City Noise."
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"Three Titans."
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"The American Hotels."
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"Lucy Stone."
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Next Week, or Later

"Money," by John Maynard Keynes.
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Physics and Platonism*

By F. S. C. NORTHROP
Yale University

ONE of the most interesting things in contemporary scientific thought is the returning interest in the Platonic conception of science. This has been evident for some time in the writings of a certain group of physicists. Perhaps the first to evidence it was A. S. Eddington, in his book, "Space, Time, and Gravitation," when he wrote that physics reveals mathematical structure to be that of which our universe is made. It appeared again in atomic physics, when men like Heisenberg, Born, and Dirac suggested that we must give up all attempts to conceive of our universe as a system of physical models, and adjust our minds to the habit of grasping it in purely conceptual mathematical terms. In this fashion the opinion arose, that the traditional practice of conceiving of natural phenomena in terms of physical atoms and motion, is but an expression of a perverse tendency of the human mind to think in terms of images.

Any student of the history and philosophy of science knows that this is not a new doctrine. It was discovered long ago in Greek astronomy, and given articulate expression, as a philosophy, by Plato. In history, it bore the name Platonism. We shall refer to it here as the mathematical theory of nature. Opposed to it is the functional matter-form philosophy of Aristotle, which dominated the Scholastic period, and the kinetic atomic or physical theory of nature, also discovered in Greek times, which has been at the foundation of modern thought and the modern world.

Following the Golden Age of Greek science, the mathematical theory of nature came into the ascendency. This position was maintained until Thomas Aquinas shifted Catholic theology from the Platonic metaphysics that dominated St. Augustine to the metaphysics of Aristotle. Now, because of the discoveries of contemporary science, Platonism is thrusting itself above the surface of thought again. This is a very interesting fact. But perhaps the more interesting circumstance is that one of our contemporary physicists should diagnose his own case, and explicitly recognize what it is that he and certain of his colleagues are maintaining. This, Sir James Jeans has done, in his very readable book, "The Mysterious Universe."

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Immediately following the title sheet of this book, he has a page reserved for the first few paragraphs of the seventh book of Plato's Republic,—paragraphs which give Plato's famous allegory of the den. This allegory is interesting and important because it expresses a formal epistemological consequence of the mathematical philosophy of science, in concrete terms. Plato's description of the cave, the man, the shadows, and the fire is well known. What needs to be emphasized, is the epistemological principle, which the example illustrates. The significance of the philosophy of Plato and Jeans cannot be appreciated until this is understood; nor can one value the significant role which Platonism played in history and that contemporary physical discoveries will play in future centuries if Jeans is right. It is this principle which is at the basis of the other-worldliness of the Middle Ages, the distinction between the eternal values that are unseen and the temporal values that are seen, in Christian thought, and the loss of interest in science which followed the Greek period.

This principle was stated in exact terms by Plato when he drew a distinction between the world known

* THE MYSTERIOUS UNIVERSE. By SIR JAMES JEANS. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1930. $2.25.

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by sensation, that is given in observation, and the world known by reason which is revealed in scientific theory, and went on to add that the world known by reason is suggested by, but not contained in, the observed world of sensation.

In Plato's allegory of the den, the world known by sensation is the collection of shadows on the wall of the cave, whereas the real world, known by reason, is the one discovered when one is released from one's chains, and comes upon the fire and the system of connections which cause the shadows to behave as they do. Of course, in the strict sense of the word, this illustration is faulty, as are all illustrations, for the final state of knowledge, which reveals the real cause of the behavior of the sense appearances, is not anything like a fire, which can be seen. Instead it is an equation of pure mathematics, or a form or system of forms, which can be known only by reason.

This distinction between knowledge by sensation and knowledge by reason becomes more clear, if we appeal to modern ideas. As Jeans points out, contemporary physics conceives of natural phenomena in terms of continua of four or more dimensions. Obviously, such things can only be known by reason, since perceptions and imagination fail to give more than three dimensions.

Many suppose that certain scientific conceptions are nonsensical, because one is not able to imagine what they mean. It is to be noted, however, that this supposition rests upon the assumption that man can think only in terms of percepts and images. But this is not the case. Providing that one will state one's theories in logical terms, there is nothing to prevent one from conceiving of nature in terms of any number of dimensions. This is possible because the mind can know things by reason as well as by imagination and sensation. It was Plato's contention that no thing is truly known unless it is known in this way. Jeans is saying that physics discovers our universe to fail to fit into a consistent system until Plato's contention is admitted.

It is because pure mathematics restricts itself to purely conceptual or logical forms, that it lacks reality for minds untrained in logic, who know nothing but emotional, and other, sensuous factors, and suppose that only such factors exist.

* * *

at Sir James is saying today, and what Plato
me twenty odd centuries ago, is simply this:
orld that you look at is not the real world, it is but a shadowy appearance of some more complete, and purely logical or mathematical system which can be known only by reason. In brief, nature at bottom is a system of mathematical equations, rather than a collection of moving atoms. The world which we observe suggests the world of forms, otherwise the physicist would never be able to discover the mathematical theory, but it does not contain it. Certainly, no one ever saw a mathematical equation in nature.

A few words concerning the significance of this philosophy are in order. In the first place, it informs us that there is a more important and fundamental world than the one which we see. The relevance of this for religion is evident; hence, the significance of the philosophy of Plato in Christian theology. For an excellent account of this, the reader should turn to a most readable little book, entitled "Platonism," by the great English scholar, A. E. Taylor.

However, if the Platonic philosophy is taken seriously and developed consistently, it will entail quite different religious conceptions from those which seem to dominate many contemporary religious leaders.

Certainly, if the real world is a purely logical rational world, and if the logical or mathematical forms are to be identified with God, as both Plato and Jeans maintain, then science, as it leads men to the discovery of the forms that constitute the Divine Mind, and as it converts men over into beings who are governed by scientific ideas rather than personal feelings or institutional customs, is the highest form of religion.

Such a conception of religion is precisely the one outlined by Einstein, in a recent Sunday edition of the New York *Times*. To this, American and English Catholics and Protestants have replied in the usual irrelevant fashion.

One Catholic Father condemns Mr. Einstein with the striking statement to the effect that men will lay down their lives for the milk of human kindness, whereas no one has ever been known to lay down his life for the Milky Way. Like many statements of contemporary religious leaders, this one is open to question concerning its truth. For there are astronomers living their lives in obscure corners of the world further removed from human beings than any Christian missionary, in order to learn the truth about the Milky Way or stellar system no more significant than it. Also unfortunately, one finds it difficult to escape the impression that there was more of the milk of human kindness evidenced in the calm, simple, frank statement of Mr. Einstein, than in the rather cocksure bombastic outburst of the Reverend Father.

Recently, the more clever Mr. Chesterton has also rallied to the charge of the Archbishop of Boston against Mr. Einstein and his theory. He says that it is strange that a man considers himself competent to speak on any subject, merely because he has discovered a new mathematical formula. Although Mr. Einstein is not mentioned, the reference to him is quite obvious.

This reference by Mr. Chesterton, to what a man is supposed to know, leaves him and his anti-tensor equation coherts in a rather weak position. To be sure one does not expect very much that is sound in philosophy or theology from technical scientists; we are especially delighted, therefore, when men like Jeans and Einstein make modest, intelligent, straightforward statements on these matters, and show that they know what they are talking about. We do expect, however, that Catholics, and particularly Catholic Fathers and Archbishops, should know something about theology, and particularly about the oldest and original theology of their own church.

* * *

Yet in the case of Mr. Chesterton and his superiors in the Church, our expectations are not realized. For if they understood the real meaning of the Catholic theology of St. Augustine or St. Thomas they would realize that they are but attacking themselves and their own Church when they condemn the kind of theology which Jeans and Einstein have expounded. For the theology of St. Augustine is meaningless apart from the philosophy of Plato, as is that of St. Thomas apart from the metaphysics of Plato's pupil, Aristotle.

Of course, this does not express the whole truth about the relation between the mathematical emphasis of contemporary science and traditional religious thought. The unhappy truth is that the Christian Church has never been truly Platonic in its doctrine. It is this non-Greek element which inspires our contemporary Catholics to attack themselves. And it is for this reason that the philosophy of science which Jeans propounds is very important for religion, yet so obviously incompatible with the ideas of contemporary religious leaders. Nor will this be changed until Western mankind learns from Plato that it is necessary to discipline its priests as well as its scientists by making them undergo the hard climb up the dialectical ladder of scientific knowledge.

This raises a question concerning the validity of Jeans's mathematical philosophy. One of the unfortunate characteristics of Platonism is its historical tendency to get into bad company, and its incapacity to resist the evil influence of bad companions when this happens. This was the case following its acceptance in the Greek period. Certainly the last thing Plato would have desired would be to have the forms worshipped without being understood. Nor would he have admitted that science and a scientific education should be replaced by a revealed religion. Yet this is precisely what happened with his philosophy. In Charles Kingsley's "Hypatia," we find the most beautiful and intelligent character in the century which this historical novel portrays, fighting off corrupting influences with broken weapons under unfavorable circumstances, because she began to worship the forms rather than understand them, and because others in the community preferred to appeal to mob violence rather than Greek reason in order to ameliorate critical social evils. Actually, the sequence of the acceptance of Platonism in Greek times was some twelve hundred years of Western history in which men lost all vigorous or fruitful interest in science.

* * *

Nor was this an historical accident. It follows from the nature of the mathematical theory itself. As Jeans has emphasized, the mathematical philosophy regards the real world as different from the one which we observe. To be sure, Plato was trying to avoid making his gulf too sharp, when he undertook the task of "saving the appearances." Nevertheless, it is most difficult, if not impossible, to make the mathematical philosophy reasonable, unless one deprecates the importance of the world of sensation. Scientific theory affirms, according to this philosophy, that nature is a system of eternal unobservable forms. But some one replies, "This is absurd. We observe it to be physical and changing." Obviously, the only possible answer to this critic is that the world which we see is not the real world. But one cannot deprecate the authenticity and importance of the world of sensation, without destroying interest in nature for its own sake. Without interest in nature there is no science, and without science, no mathematical philosophy. In this fashion, the scientific philosophy which Plato and Jeans propose, tends to destroy science and lead to its own corruption.

The beginning of this process of degeneration is already evident with Jeans. After telling us that contemporary physics makes it reasonable to suppose that nature is a system of mathematical forms, he then goes on to add that "the Great Architect of the Universe now begins to appear as a pure mathematician." Thus, a theory which proclaims that forms are primary, tends to pass over into a philosophy which maintains that reality is a collection of souls.

But this does not follow. For the mathematical theory cannot make its case, if at all, before the fact of physical objects, without accepting Berkeley's contention, as Jeans does, to the effect that the experienced world is but a collection of sense data which are joined by the unobservable mathematical formulæ. But as Hume indicated, the same logic, which justifies the contention that a physical object is but a collection of sensa, also necessitates that a person is precisely the same thing. In short, in a consistent development of the Platonic philosophy persons must be defined in terms of sense qualities and forms, and not forms in terms of persons. Mathematical equations are not subjective creations of a divine or human person known as a pure mathematician. Instead they are "objective ideas" of which nature, God, and men are constituted.

* * *

It is in this direction that the philosophy which Jeans outlines must develop. But when one attempts to work the theory out consistently along these lines, difficulties have always appeared. For example, if nature is a system of forms, and to be a mind is to be such a system, which joins the sensa of the world of sensation together, why are there many human minds with their ignorance? It would seem to follow that there should be but the one divine mind which is constituted of the one system of forms of all nature. The Arabs developed Greek thought in this direction. But they could never give a satisfactory answer to the problem of ignorance. The same difficulty appears in a somewhat different form with Jeans. He refers to the incapacity of the human mind to conceive the number of dimensions of reality which exist. But if persons are nothing but the system of forms plus the related sense qualities, what meaning can there be for this incapacity?

The West, and probably also Plato himself in the end, tended to answer this question by drawing a distinction between the forms, and the soul which knows them. But as we indicated in our reference to Hume, the logic which permits one to accept the soul as a primary substance permits one to accept matter as real also, in which case the mathematical philosophy is invalid. Moreover, it seems to be impossible to find a meaning for forms, in a philosophy which regards nature as a collection of divine and human persons, without making ideas subjective, and leaving Plato helpless before the Sophist's contention that all is relative. Thus, whereas the solution which the Arabs offered to the difficulty of reconciling the mathematical philosophy with the fact of many human minds and their ignorance, gave rise to an insoluble problem of ignorance, the answer of the West gave birth to an equally insoluble problem of knowledge.

And in both cases an interest in mathematical theories and science and nature gave way to a concern about the relation of one's soul to the divine soul. Thus what begins as science ends with the negation of science.

Something must be lacking in a philosophy of science which leads to the denial of science. The query arises: Can the mathematical philosophy be correct?

This is a question which only a thoroughgoing analysis of the findings of contemporary science can answer. Space does not permit it here. However, certain relevant facts may be noted.

In the first place, all competent and thoughtful contemporary scientists do not accept Jeans's conclusion. Einstein, in his original papers on the relativity theory, unequivocally affirmed the physical theory of nature. Whitehead, who has analyzed the philosophical foundations of these matters more thoroughly than anyone else, has outlined a different philosophy. Even Heisenberg, to whom Jeans refers

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as a supporter of his position, has recently written a book on atomic physics, entitled "The Physical Principles of Quantum Theory," in which he places the mathematics in an appendix and refers to it as "Mathematical Apparatus." This seems to indicate that he is reacting from the mathematical philosophy. Other evidences of this are apparent.

In the second place, it is hardly with a rational or divinely created world that Jeans leaves us in the end, notwithstanding his contention that forms are primary and that God is like a pure mathematician. For he insists with Eddington on the application of the second law of thermodynamics to the whole of nature. Hence, as he indicates in the earlier chapters of his book, the actual universe in which we live is headed toward an irrational end, with an utter indifference to human interests or values. In fact, man is but an insignificant speck in a tremendous cosmos, brought into temporary being by a mere accidental back splash of the torrent of destruction within which the second law of thermodynamics will eventually engulf all mankind and all of physical nature. It seems strange indeed, if the "Great Architect" is a pure mathematician and hence the most rational of all creatures, that He should produce such unstable architecture. Why such a being should be called either "great" or an Architect is rather difficult to understand.

Nevertheless, Jeans's book is interesting and important. For it reveals the philosophical character of contemporary scientific thought, and gives a most readable account of the manner in which contemporary physics makes the philosophy of Plato take on new life and a more pressing importance.

A Romantic Princess

PAULINE, FAVORITE SISTER OF NAPOLEON. By W. N. Chattim Carlton. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by John M. S. Allison
Yale University

Born in Corsica and experiencing there, during her childhood, privations and suffering, Pauline Bonaparte became one of the most fascinating and most discussed members of the family of Napoleon. Favorite sister of the great Emperor, Pauline was, at one and the same time, his greatest delight and concern. For Pauline, beautiful but without depth, carried the name of Bonaparte with dignity in spite of her caprices. As a Princess of the reigning house, she played her part with a grace and a charm that was unsurpassed even by Josephine herself. But she lived, as other famous princesses of history have lived, on her emotions. With her, life was a passion, and passion became almost a disease. Husbands and lovers, from political upstarts to music masters, passed her way and almost all of them, except her chamberlain, the beau Louis de Forbin, left her, after a short while, cold. As the experience of an adventuress alone the life of Pauline is full of interest. But there is another significant aspect to this luxury loving Bonaparte.

Historically, Pauline has her importance. As Madame Leclerc she accompanied her brave husband to Santo Domingo. There she lived through the struggles that France made to retain that rebellious colony under its sway. As Princess de Borghese she had the distinction of making for her brother the only marriage alliance with a really great family except that of Napoleon himself with Marie Louise. Many times, Pauline was expected by her powerful brother to become the instrument for great deeds and great policy. Most of the time, however, she failed to aid him either through her passions, her own caprices, or ill health that was the product of her indiscretions.

This book affords entertaining and pleasant reading. At times, the style is labored and this slows down the pace of what should be a rapid narrative. Pauline offers a good opportunity for a writer with a little more subtlety than the author of the present volume. These, however, are minor defects. The book has been carefully done and the result is a good and interesting analysis of a romantic princess with whom the American public is very slightly acquainted.

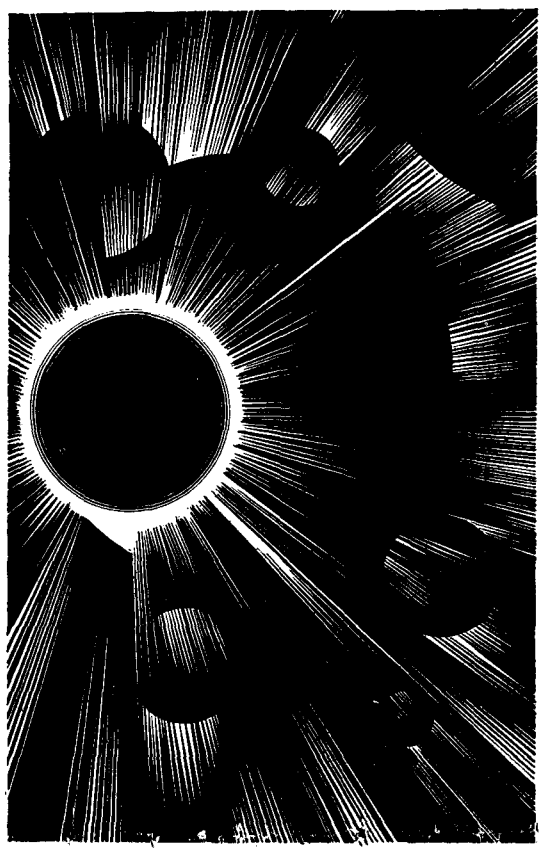
New York University's Architecture Library at the College of Fne Arts has been recently enlarged by a valuable collection of books, publications, photographs and clippings—the gift of its dean, E. Raymond Bossange. The gift includes sixty-four bound books and twenty-three publications, many of which are either no longer published or not easily obtained.

Mixed Pictures of the South

AN AMERICAN EPOCH: Southern Portraiture in the National Picture. By Howard W. Odum. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by Edwin Mims
Vanderbilt University

What the South thinks about itself. What other sections think about the South, what the South is doing to set its own house in order, and what by so doing it may contribute to the life and thought of the nation—these are questions that ought to be of interest to every intelligent American citizen. I imagine that the rest of the country feels sometimes that the South takes itself too seriously, that it has an obsession about the Civil War and Reconstruction, that it is rather naïvely concerned with its own special problems rather than with those of national import. On the other hand, the South still feels that many Americans are ignorant, or prejudiced, or unsympathetic, that they do not even try to understand particular conditions growing out of the past and complicated by the complex elements of the present. Writing about the South is therefore difficult, if for no other reason than that the question of right emphasis is so important. If one has in mind a Southern audience, the stress should be laid on deficiencies, limitations, characteristics that stand in the way of progress; if one has another audience in mind, he is apt to stress actual or relative achievements in the face of great difficulties, and certain Southern qualities and standards that ought to be maintained against the increasing standardization of American life.



Illustration, by Walter Murch, for "The Mysterious Universe," by Sir James Jeans.

No man realizes better the difficulties here suggested than Professor Odum, and no one is better fitted by heredity, training, and temperament to write an authoritative book about the South. Born and bred in Georgia, trained in institutions of his native state and at Columbia, he has taught for many years in Georgia and North Carolina. He has traveled with an observant eye in all parts of the South and has had intimate personal contacts and experiences that enable him to portray types like those of Uncle George and the Major and their descendants who figure so largely in this volume. Master of the technique of the leading sociologists of America, he has organized and developed at the University of North Carolina one of the most important centers of research in the country. As editor of *Social Forces*, he has followed every current of life and thought in this section as well as in the nation at large. In this volume there is abundant evidence of vast stores of knowledge that have contributed to the scientific treatment of all the problems suggested. Innumerable cards in well-made catalogues, extensive correspondence with all sorts and conditions of men and women, personal interviews, clippings from a wide range of newspapers of all kinds—all have been drawn upon for hints and suggestions. Every chapter in this comprehensive survey of industry, agriculture, education, politics, and religion might easily be expanded by the author himself into a volume. And to all this learning he adds a knowledge of Southern literature and history, and a certain creative spirit that causes parts of the book to assume the proportions of creative literature. It is not often that one finds the sociologist, the historian, and the literary artist in the same man and in the same volume.

I am not sure that he has successfully fused all these elements of his nature and of his material. The final impression of the book is one of confusion: confusion of styles ranging from a nervous, picturesque, sketchy type of writing to one of blank statistical summaries; confusion of treatment, of technique in handling such a wealth of material; confusion as to the "four generations" which he attempts to limn. Perhaps it was impossible to blend the qualities of "Rainbow Round My Shoulders" and a social study of so vast a scale. One has the feeling that a greater book might have been written if the author had waited longer and had revised more carefully.

The confusion of which I, perhaps unjustly, complain, I hasten to add, is a part of the very confusion of the situation he is trying to set forth. There was never a better illustration of the futility of hasty generalization than this book affords. "Mixed Pictures" might well be its title. The reader looks on this picture and on that: the glory that was the South, the grandeur that was not . . . the colonial mansion and its descendants—symbols of regional standards and ideals—and the dilapidated cabins that house the masses of people . . . abounding in wealth and surpassing in waste: manufacturers developing the natural resources of a region and yet exploiting human life . . . remarkable educational progress and yet universities held back by lack of resources and the masses still illiterate. . . . Atlanta, the home of the Ku Klux and the Black Shirts and yet the seat of the Southern Interracial Commission whose work has attracted the attention of the world. . . . Dayton and Nashville in the same state . . . a fundamental piety expressing itself in folk songs and religious bigotry flaming out in a national campaign . . . bi-social lights and shadows: negroes advancing in property and education, and negroes migrating or living under the shadow of injustice and barbarism. . . . Statesmen and demagogues: Jefferson and Bishop Cannon, Calhoun and Cole Blease, Henry Grady and Tom Watson, Lamar and Bilbo. . . . A South courageous on many battlefields and yet afraid—afraid of its own critics and of outside opinion, and, most of all, of a race. . . . A South advancing and yet receding, promising situations and outlooks ending in disappointment and disillusionment.

To quote the author's own succinct summary of other contrasting tendencies and qualities:

> It was preeminently national in backgrounds, yet provincial in its processes. There were remnants of European culture framed in intolerant Americanism. There were romance, beauty, glamor, gayety, comedy, gentleness, and there were sordidness, ugliness, dulness, sorrow, tragedy, cruelty. There were wealth, culture, education, generosity, chivalry, manners, courage, nobility, and there were poverty, crudeness, ignorance, narrowness, brutality, cowardice, depravity. The South was American, and un-American, righteous and wicked, Christian and barbaric. It was a South getting better, a South getting worse. It was strong and it was weak, it was white and it was black, it was rich and it was poor. . . . There were strong men and women vibrant with the spontaneity of living, and there were pale, tired folk, full of the dulness of life.

The book is full of such paradoxes and contrasts. There is not one South, but many Souths. Examples of the hifalutin' and bombast of Southern orators abound side by side with calm, discriminating utterances of creative leaders. The same man may manifest quite different qualities. A bishop may stand out as the champion of modernism in religion and yet lead a revolt against the Democratic party because a Roman Catholic leads the ticket. The leading periodical devoted to industrial progress in the South was known to have published "hundreds of falsehoods about individuals and institutions, and movements," all of them committed to the cause of educational progress. And the manufacturers themselves after a great struggle for independence and prosperity often stand for policies and standards that have been discarded by their colleagues in England and in this country. The section that is making a heroic last stand for agrarianism against the centralization of industrialism presents pictures of "farms abandoned, labor migrating northward, reduced production of live stock and cash crops, uncollected debts, bank failures, and hard times."

One may find here all the good and all the bad—a big storehouse of portraits, pictures, quotations, inci-

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dents that prove anything that one wants to prove. The book ought to be invaluable for editors, teachers, scholars, as well as for the general public. The very full bibliography at the end will stimulate still further study of the problems and conditions suggested.

But I do not wish to leave the impression that Odum presents all this material without interpretation or a point of view of his own. He clearly belongs to the "middle of the road" type of critic, who tries to maintain the balance between praise and real criticism. He does not agree with the traditionists who look back to a golden age that never was. He does not agree with those who shout the shibboleths of progress and who would hasten the day when the South will have become wholly standardized. Master of the art of discrimination he has that rare quality of fairness. He is, to quote his own characterization of a true critic, "eager to criticize and to build up, sensitive to the justice of outside criticism but more eager to correct conditions than to resent criticism. His lot was with his people and his was a policy of criticism well mixed with justifications of shortcomings—comparisons of shortcomings of other sections, and optimism in general."

"Optimism in general,"—that is the final impression of this comprehensive survey. "With all its weaker episodes and waste, the South of 1930 was a better South than it had ever been and appeared nearer the threshold of its possible national destiny than ever before." The book is, significantly, dedicated to "the next generation." "Potentiality" is the basis of hope. Odum believes in social evolution; having made an intelligent and thorough study of the past and present he has a reasonable hope for the future. Light and darkness struggle, but the light is gaining. The minority leaders who figure so largely here will be followed by more and more of the same type. When industrial leaders learn the lessons of history and adopt a more reasonable attitude toward workmen, when farmers have recaptured some of the glory of the past and at the same time followed the lead of men trained in scientific agriculture, when the full results of higher education shall have been felt in a growing aristocracy of the mind, when religion shall have been stripped of its bigotry—then will come the harvest of the ideas that are sown in such books as this.

Dire Is the Noise

CITY NOISE. Published by the Academy Press of New York for the Noise Abatement Commission of the Department of Health, City of New York. 1930.

Reviewed by FREDERICK PETERSON, M.D.

THIS is the report of the Commission appointed by Dr. Wynne, Commissioner of Health, to study noise in New York City and to develop means of abating it.

Incidentally it is the first book ever printed on the subject of city noises. The Commission itself was made up of several physicians, specialists in nerves and the ear, acoustic engineers, business men, and lawyers, nineteen in all, an array of great talent for the study of the harmfulness of noise, its sanitary implications, and legal possibilities in the way of abatement.

Someone has properly called this the Age of Noise. Certainly city noises have been increasing each decade in an arithmetical progression. It is only a little over a generation ago that many found in London's low, steady, subdued diapason a soothing quality like "the melancholy, long, withdrawing roar" of the sea, and even in continental cities with more staccato elements there was to travelers frequently a charm in the chants and songs of vendors and hawkers, in the panpipes of the goatherd bringing his goats to milk at your door, in the great bells in many a town and city beating out the hours, in the sheepbells of Swiss uplands tinkling through the quiet night.

Of course there have always been nervous, rather hysterical persons, supersensitive to sound, like Carlyle who could not bear the crow of the cock, Schopenhauer whose nerves jangled at the crack of a whip, Spencer who invented some earflaps to drop down at afternoon teas. I know a man who shoots whippoorwills because they keep him awake and another who shoots blue jays because too sensitive to their squawk. On the other hand an artist friend whose bedroom and studio were next to the elevated just outside his window had learned to sleep soundly through that worst of intermittent noises, but was kept awake by katydids when visiting in the country. Then there are individuals who find an advantage in noise. They work the better in uproar. Seneca has said something of that help to himself. Montaigne had a friend, one of the richest and most learned scholars of France, who made a study in one end of the servants' hall separated only by a tapestry so that he could get inspiration from the rude, loud rabble near by. He could recollect better and retired into contemplation, claiming that "this tempest of voices repercussed his thoughts within himself." "Being at Padua, he had his study so long situated in the rattle of coaches and the tumult of the public place, that he had not only formed himself to the contempt, but even to the use of noise, for the service of his studies."

Now it seems just possible that most people like noise. At least they enjoy it for a short time. Witness their emotional exuberance, spontaneous and by contagion, expressed in every kind of noise on the Fourth of July, at election times, at the Stadia. No doubt they would become exasperated if it were continuous. Ambulance drivers become very self-expressive in the way of noise as they rush through the crowded thoroughfares. It is a debatable question whether this dangerous hurry does not injure more people than are saved by such expedition. While the sirens of engines going to a fire have need to

THE CITY OF NOISE

Woodcut of a view from Chatham Square, New York, by Betty Lark. *Courtesy of William Edwin Rudge.*

express their haste, there is usually more noise than necessary on returning from their tasks. There is no excuse for the ear-racking noises or dangerous speed of the repair wagons of street railway systems which seem to have right of way at all times.

Whatever the psychology of varying reaction to noise in the supersensitive, in joyful self-expressives, or in the very few persons who delight in a noisy environment all the time, there is no doubt that cities have become too noisy in the past forty years owing to manifold new inventions of an ear-splitting kind, and the publication of this fine study of City Noise is the natural reaction against what is becoming more and more unendurable.

The Noise Abatement Commission by sending out over eleven thousand questionnaires were able to classify the answers of complaints of noise in this wise:

TRAFFIC (trucks, motor horns, cut-outs, brakes, buses, whistles, motorcycles)	about 36%
TRANSPORTATION (elevated, street cars, subway)	about 16%
RADIOS (homes, streets, stores)	about 12%
COLLECTIONS and DELIVERIES (ash, garbage, milk, ice)	about 9%
WHISTLES and BELLS (fire department, locomotives, tugs, steamers)	about 8%
CONSTRUCTION (riveting, pneumatic drills)	about 7%
VOCAL (newsboys, peddlers, dogs, cats, noisy parties)	about 7%
OTHERS	about 3%

This tabulation shows how modern inventions have been the chief cause of the increased noises of the modern city, for if we add together the complaints of noise from traffic, transportation, radios, and construction we find that these new devices total 71% of the complaints.

The Commission sent a noise laboratory to measure outdoor noise in nearly ninety different parts of the great city, making ten thousand observations, and they devised a method of measurement of noises by means of a special microphone that electrically records the physical effects of sound, and an audiometer which involved the hearing organs of the observer.

The unit of measurement used that will be new to most people is the decibel. A decibel is the smallest change which the ear can detect in the level of sound. There are two qualities in sound that must be considered. One is loudness, the other intensity. The decibel is measured by the ear, but the intensity is measured by electrical instruments. Loudness appears to the ear to increase by arithmetical progression, say from ten to one hundred decibels, whereas intensity of sound increases by logarithmic progression leaping from ten to ten billion with the ten to one hundred decibels.

An ordinary conversation between two persons three feet apart has a loudness of sixty decibels. Explosives in an excavation registered ninety-six decibels. Riveting ninety-seven decibels. As to intensity of sound this riveting and blasting mean sounds nearly ten billion times as intense as the smallest sound distinguished by the human ear.

Some columnist will no doubt have sport with this new term of decibel, substituting Jezebel for it, and assert that the sound of riveting is equal to ninety-seven scolding Jezebels. But Jezebels are not so loud as they are painted.

This whole volume is a credit to the Commission. It is replete with all sorts of scientific, psychological, legal, and other data, too detailed even to be summarized in a review. But the conclusions already reached in this preliminary report (for the research is to go on) must be here chronicled:

(1) Hearing is apt to be impaired in those exposed to constant loud noises.
(2) Noise interferes seriously with the efficiency of the worker. It lessens attention and makes concentration upon any task difficult.
(3) In the attempt to overcome the effect of noise, great strain is put upon the nervous system, leading to neurasthenic and psychasthenic states, and necessitating frequent recuperation in the country to maintain mental efficiency and alertness.
(4) Noise interferes seriously with sleep, even though in some cases it appears that the system is able to adjust itself so that wakefulness does not result.
(5) It is well established that, in addition to these other evil effects, the normal development of infants and young children is seriously interfered with by constant loud noises.

What this really means is that every man, woman, and child living in our great cities is subject to some degree of shell-shock.

What remedies?

The iron woodpeckers in our steel forests must be driven out and welding substituted. The pneumatic drills and blasting processes must have Maxim silencers. More rubber must be introduced into pavement construction, rails, cars, buses, and trucks. The sirens should be moderated so as to lure us no more to destruction. The multitudinous horns should be so subdued that we shall be able to hear Gabriel's when it sounds.

But we can always fly the city and lift up our eyes to the hills. There is still a little bit of nature left.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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Published weekly, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates per year, postpaid: in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 7, No. 23.

The Saturday Review is indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature."

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Shakespeare's Tragedies

THE WHEEL OF FIRE: Essays in Interpretation of Shakespeare's Sombre Tragedies. By G. WILSON KNIGHT. New York: Oxford University Press. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by WILLARD H. DURHAM
University of California

MORE than a quarter of a century ago—in 1904, to be exact—A. C. Bradley's "Shakespearian Tragedy" was published. Although, in the nature of things, no book on this subject could be a final word, this was indubitably a great word—a book, not of the month or of the year, but of a generation. Since then the torrent of books and articles about Shakespeare has continued its appalling flow of sense and nonsense, the sense often duller than the nonsense and even less related to essential values. Valuable contributions to our knowledge of Shakespeare as a man and as a maker of Elizabethan plays have been made, but to our real understanding of him as a unique dramatic poet little has been added. Now, in "The Wheel of Fire," G. Wilson Knight has done that which had begun to seem impossible; he has written a book about Shakespearian tragedy which will annoy and irritate some, which will satisfy and delight others, but which will stimulate and excite all save the dull and the indifferent.

The title of Mr. Knight's book is as unfortunate as it is significant. Even those who recognize it as a quotation are likely to associate it with Lear's lunacy and thus, by a transition only too easy, to assume that once again Shakespeare has constellated monstrous fantasies in the mind of an unbalanced student. A glance at the table of contents might seem to confirm this fear. Such chapter headings as "Hamlet, Ambassador of Death," "The Shakespearian Metaphysic," "Symbolic Personification," recall the painful fact that some of the strangest vagaries of human intelligence have been induced by the pages of Shakespeare, and suggest that, after the manner of previous unfortunates, Mr. Knight has discovered that Shakespeare was only incidentally a dramatic poet and primarily a Manichean, a Rosicrucian, or a belated Gnostic.

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Nothing could be less true. Mr. Knight has discovered neither a cryptogram nor "the great Shakespearian secret." If he believes that Shakespeare was a poet who happened to be a dramatist rather than a dramatist who happened to be a poet, only the prosaic will regret the shift of emphasis. For Mr. Knight the reading of Shakespeare has been first and foremost a poetic experience; he has attempted to translate this experience into clear and intelligible terms. His experience has been more than commonly profound; his atempt to convey it to the reader more than commonly successful. If the result is novel as well as exciting, it is partly because the experience has not been a commonplace one, partly because we have grown too accustomed to seeing Shakespeare "in the light of" this or that extraneous fact or theory rather than in the light of his own genius.

In his opening chapter, "On the Principles of Shakespeare Interpretation," Mr. Knight defines his procedure as "the reconstruction of vision." The individuality of his vision appears in the words "One must be prepared to see the whole play in space as well as in time." Too much has been said, he believes, about these plays as stories in which one event follows another, too little about them as conflicts between forces whose relations are independent of time and to which the story gives only a habitation and a name. This point of view obviously minimizes the importance of "sources." It finds—correctly, as I believe—the word a misnomer.

> The "source" of "Anthony and Cleopatra" if we must indeed have a source at all, is the transcendent erotic imagination of the poet which finds its worthy bride in an old world romance. It seems, indeed, that the poet must, if he is to forego nothing of concreteness and humanity, lose himself in contemplation of an actual tale or an actual event in order to find himself in supreme vision; otherwise he will tend to philosophy, to the divine element unmated to the earthly. Therefore "sources" as usually understood, have their use for the poet; they have little value for the interpreter.

Their value for the critic is undeniable, but Mr. Knight carefully distinguishes the critic from the interpreter.

To him the poet's "intentions" are also relatively unimportant.

> Milton's Puritanical "intentions" bear little relevance to his Satan. "Intentions" belong to the plane of intellect and memory; the swifter consciousness that awakes in poetic composition touches subtleties and heights and depths unknowable by intellect and intractable to memory.

Closely related to the study of "intentions" is the sort of study of character which leads to the familiar remark that "in 'Anthony and Cleopatra' Shakespeare has given us a lesson concerning the dangers of an uncontrolled passion." This Mr. Knight also deprecates. As he says, "A person in a drama may act in such a way that we are in no sense antagonized but are aware of beauty and supreme interest only; yet the analogy to that same action may well be intolerable to us in actual life. When such a divergence occurs the commentator must be true to his artistic, not his normal, ethic." Yet he is not unaware that "from a true interpretation centered on the imaginative qualities of Shakespeare, certain facts will emerge which bear relevance to human life, to human morals." But this relevance is not to be formulated in banal platitudes.

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Any one of Mr. Knight's statements as to the proper procedure of the interpreter is, if taken in isolation, likely to be misleading. He says, for example, "we should not look for perfect verisimilitude to life, but rather see each play as an expanded metaphor, by means of which the original vision has been projected into forms roughly correspondent with actuality, conforming thereto with greater or less exactitude according to the demands of its own nature." This, taken apart from its concrete application, might suggest that he regards the plays as allegories, since "an expanded metaphor" is an excellent definition of an allegory. But this would be wholly to miss his meaning. To see Lear as an allegorical figure would be immensely to lessen his significance. Mr. Knight sees him, not as less than man, but as more. He does not deny that Lear is an immensely moving figure in a tragic human story; he does assert that through the pattern of that story Shakespeare expresses a poetic conception embodied in it but not bounded by it, so that the personages of that story have a more than human power to trouble the deep waters of the mind.

Perhaps I may best convey his real attitude by summarizing part of his exposition of "Hamlet." Judged by the standard of every-day morals, he says, Claudius is a man of evil, Gertrude is weak and sinful, Hamlet on the side of the angels. In a sense such a statement is true. But there is another and a different truth. Had it not been for the intervention of Hamlet, backed by the sinister figure of his father's ghost, Claudius would have continued to function as an astute and capable king; Laertes would have remained a happy, normal youth; Denmark would have got on very well. Claudius and his court "are of the world—with their crimes, their follies, their shallownesses, their pomp and glitter; they are of humanity, with all its failings, it is true, but yet of humanity. They assert the importance of human life, they believe in it, in themselves." In Hamlet, on the other hand, there is an inhuman quality. He takes a cruel delight in torturing his mother; he sends his school fellows to their death with callous unconcern; he can contemplate without scruple the possibility of damning Claudius as well as killing him. It is he who, disillusioned with life and allied with death, is actually the destructive force. Justifiable as his cynicism may be from one plane of reference, it remains a deadly and venomous thing. Against a man thus committed to negation the forces of life inevitably unite, rightly unite. Yet the Hamlet whom most of us remember is gentle and lovable, a "sweet Prince." And therein lies one of the fascinating paradoxes of the play.

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Thus to epitomize Mr. Knight's idea is to make it for some familiar and obvious, for others strange and repellent. It is, as a matter of fact, none of these. To quote his statement that "Troilus and Cressida" becomes intelligible when one sees it as "the dynamic opposition in the mind of these two faculties: intuition and intellect" might seem to imply that he had rationalized all life out of the play. To cite his remark that "fear is at the root of Macbeth's crime" is to make him sound merely perverse. A single quotation from the chapter entitled "'Lear' and the Comedy of the Grotesque" in which he sets forth as "the very heart of the play—the thing that man dares scarcely face: the demonic grin of the incongruous and absurd in the most pitiful of human struggles with an iron fate" may well arouse a feeling not remote from resentment. But no one who reads and apprehends these chapters can believe that Mr. Knight is either perverse or unfeeling. It is simply that the book is itself so condensed that adequate summary is impossible. Thus baldly to mention single points is to do him grievous wrong unless the result be to awaken a curiosity which will turn the reader from the review to the book.

It would be equally misleading to create the impression that the book is concerned solely with the plays as indivisible units. Although Mr. Knight perceives more clearly than most commentators that Shakespeare's manner may not be divorced from his matter, that the magic of his words and the magic of his images form one and the same magic, and that to consider a scene or a character in isolation is to run grave risk of misunderstanding, he does disclose unsuspected meaning in individual lines and forgotten import in scenes often passed over as unimportant. More than once he suggests possible solutions for puzzling problems of characterization as when, speaking of the Fool's cruelty to Lear, he says, "The Fool sees, or tries to see, the humorous potentialities in the most heart-wrenching of incidents" and goes on to say, "If Lear could laugh he might yet save his reason."

In the remarkable chapter discussing the psychological similarities between Brutus and Macbeth Mr. Knight touches one of the most puzzling of problems, that of the mysterious correlation between events in the outer world and the inner life of the soul. He writes of it thus:

> The poetic symbolism and imaginative atmosphere of the two plays tend to mirror the spiritual significance. The outer conflict is a symbol of an inner conflict. . . . This is the peculiar technique of mature Shakespearian tragedy. The hero and his universe are interdependent. . . . There is no rigid time-sequence of cause and effect between the hero and his environment: there is, however, a relation, and this relation is cemented and fused by the use of prophecy and poetic symbolism, merging subject with object, present with future. . . . The time-sequence has a secondary reality only.

In his development of this point Mr. Knight does not imply that the poet offers any logical solution of the problem involved, but rather that by his intuitive apprehension of the existence of this correlation he gives to his tragedies something of the intricate and complicated texture of life itself.

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There are those who will say that in such interpretation as this Mr. Knight is expounding not so much what is in the plays as what he has brought to them from his own inner experience. But, after all, as Whitman said of music, poetry is what awakens within us when we are reminded by the words. That which awakens in one will never be precisely that which awakens in another; for that which we get from poetry is inevitably conditioned by that which we bring to it. Mr. Knight finds in "Timon" something other than that which I find there. The fantastic tricks of man portrayed in "Measure for Measure" awaken in him something akin to the tears of the angels, whereas I hear throughout the play a remote, ironic laughter. Nevertheless, to pronounce judicially upon the truth and error in Mr. Knight's work is merely, as T. S. Eliot says in the introduction he has contributed to the volume, to make "a reinterpretation of my own; and the reader will have to perform that operation for himself anyway." That there is in this book vastly more of truth than of error I am certain. I am equally certain that such error as may exist is the error of a brilliant man and not that of a dull one. From beginning to end the book is the product of a mind capable of dealing with great poetry in a great way, of a mind delicately sensitive to beauty and to the suggestion of poetic images, a mind which has both power and subtlety, which is at once really receptive and really creative.

J. B. Priestley, writing not long ago in *John o' London's Weekly*, says: "If I might venture to give advice to young novelists, I would say: You must be the observer of life, all kinds of life, as often as you can, neglecting no opportunity; but at the same time, unless you are preparing some definite thesis novel or historical tale, don't bother your head about statistics and note-books and card index systems. It is better to use your imagination upon the image of a dish-washer than to go and put in a few weeks washing dishes. Put yourself in the other fellow's place in imagination and not in reality."

Germany's first talkie was "Der Blaue Engel," an adaptation of Heinrich Mann's novel "Professor Unrat."

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Studies of the Great

THREE TITANS: Michelangelo, Rembrandt, Beethoven. By EMIL LUDWIG. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

THE art of biography is one of the most difficult that the literary craftsman can undertake. To breathe life and passion into musty records, to evoke from broken recollections the complete portrait of a man, to penetrate the springs of his character, and to trace the influences which made him what he was: no task could be more delicate, more fascinating, or more instructive. Good biography displays history as the result of individual human energies and weaknesses, and brings to our criticism of ourselves and others an aid outwardly at least more authoritative than the imaginary constructions of the novelists. In the present state of our knowledge it is, perhaps, the most illuminating and valid kind of history.

Mr. Emil Ludwig is one of the most productive, as he was once one of the most respectable, of the purveyors of this supply. His "Napoleon" was by no means a perfect book, but it showed evidence of long and earnest wrestling with the original sources, and a power of dramatic antitheses and imaginative reconstruction which brought it wide popularity. His "Wilhelm Hohenzollern" was more hasty, more journalistic, decidedly more partisan, but there was genuine thought and feeling behind it, and in the writing, genuine narrative power. The way of a biographer is hard. For the satisfactory interpretation of a historical person of major significance—and Mr. Ludwig has attempted no other sort—all that can be known, not only of that person's recorded acts, but of the general history of his time and the intellectual atmosphere in which he lived, is not too much, and years of study are not too long. For the literary and interpretive side of such a task Mr. Ludwig showed considerable gifts; the trouble with his first two books was that he did not know enough. But modern publishers rarely say to the author of a successful book, "Be longer with your next one. You can do better." So another gifted writer fell into the ways of quantity production, and his further progress therein it would be too sad to trace.

His latest book, "Three Titans," must represent very nearly the nadir of that progress. It consists of three tabloid biographies of Michelangelo, Rembrandt, and Beethoven held together by the covers of the volume and by a specious preface that reads remarkably like an afterthought. In each essay the biographer attempts an "interpretation" of his subject, but an interpretation unsupported by fresh researches, deep thought, or sound scholarship. Michelangelo, for instance, is a fascinating subject. His achievements are astounding, and his personality remains baffling, although the sources are, for a man of the sixteenth century, unusually rich. But Mr. Ludwig, in his haste, simplifies the problem out of all recognition. Michelangelo, he tells us in a play for the reader's easy sympathy, suffered all his life from the jealousy of his fellow artists and the neglect of his patrons. Ghirlandajo, we are told, wanted to rid himself of a youth who had surpassed him, and so sent the young Buonarotti to study sculpture in the Medici gardens.

Now we have two biographies of Michelangelo written by his contemporaries, Vasari and Condivi, unreliable in some details perhaps, but our most valuable authorities for much of his life. Neither of them tells that story, nor is there any real warrant for it elsewhere. To buttress it, Mr. Ludwig either misunderstands or deliberately twists Condivi's story of the artificially aged sketch, a story which cannot apply to Ghirlandajo at all. Later Mr. Ludwig adopts Condivi's view that Michelangelo was obliged to paint the Sistine Chapel by the intrigues of Bramante who hoped thus to discredit him. More than forty years ago documentary proof was adduced that Bramante opposed Michelangelo's selection. That is what one would expect. If Bramante really hoped to discredit the famous artist whose cartoon of the bathing soldiers for the walls of the Palazzo Vecchio had attracted attention all over Italy, by providing him with the most important fresco space in Rome, he took an awkward way about it. To back his interpretation Mr. Ludwig coolly assumes that the pupil of the ablest mural painter of the fifteenth century—Ghirlandajo—and a pupil whose apprenticeship had been passed in the midst of the work on the choir of Santa Maria Novella, knew nothing about fresco! To complete his picture of a conspiracy against genius, Mr. Ludwig, basing his whole case on one angry outburst of Michelangelo's old age, repeatedly implies that Raphael was among the master's "treacherous and malicious" enemies. Raphael who never tired of proclaiming and indeed exaggerating his debt to the Florentine, who was always protesting that Michelangelo was greater than he!

It is perhaps unnecessary to remark that to his errors of interpretation Mr. Ludwig adds errors of criticism and of pure carelessness. His passing allusions to Renaissance history betray a complete ignorance of modern work in the period. In material relating directly to his hero, he errs less seriously, but even here he misdates documents and events, and appears to mistake the literary exercise of a Portuguese art critic for a serious record of Michelangelo's conversation. Nor is he happier in dealing with artifacts than with literary sources. He gives emphatic credence to Parlagreco's ridiculous remark that Michelangelo knew the female nude only from the dissection of corpses; he omits to discuss such works as the St. Bavon Madonna; and his treatment of the tondo on wood of the Holy Family, now in the Uffizi, makes one wonder whether he has ever seen it, or whether he is not confusing it with the dubious "Madonna and Child with St. John and four angels" in the National Gallery. On the whole, the English reader in search of a popular account of Michelangelo will be wise to pass over Mr. Ludwig's sketch for the work of Davies or J. A. Symonds, or even the translation of Romain Rolland, to say nothing of Sir Charles Holroyd's admirable little source book.

Of the essays of Rembrandt and Beethoven not much more is to be said. Mr. Ludwig is still readable, even at times highly entertaining, and he pontificates so emphatically on matters of history and psychology, music and painting, that he creates a momentary illusion of omniscience. But the whole book is hollow. This is not the kind of work one might have hoped for from Mr. Ludwig before he and his publishers set out to cash in on the popular interest in biography while the market held.

No Thoroughfare

LET'S be simple and open-minded, put aside instinctive prejudice, and make an honest attempt to read with understanding one small, experimental specimen of contemporary verse. Mr. Hart Crane, Miss Laura Riding, and others of the recent "metaphysical school," are certainly not charlatans; they are sincere artists and their admirers believe them to be enlarging the too narrow boundaries, the too restricted possibilities, of their chosen art. Let us approach our poem with candor and respect.

Here, then, is a poem by Miss Riding, "O Vocables of Love," lately reprinted in "Twentieth Century Poetry," an anthology edited by John Drinkwater, Henry Seidel Canby, and William Rose Benét:

O vocables of love,
O zones of dreamt responses
Where wing on wing folds in
The negro centuries of sleep
And the thick lips compress
Compendiums of silence—
Throats claw the mirror of blind triumph,
Eyes pursue sight inside the heart of terror.
Rap, rap, in, out!
Call within call
Succumbs to the indistinguishable
Wall within wall
Embracing the last crushed vocable,
The spoken unity of efforts.

O vocables of love,
The end of an end is an echo.
A last cry follows a last cry.
Finality of finality
Is perfection's touch of folly,
Ruin unfolds from ruin.
A remnant breeds a universe of fragment.
Horizons spread intelligibility.
And once more it is yesterday.

I am a constant reader of poetry and have been so for more than thirty years. I have written a great deal of verse. My friends, I find, regard me as a fairly intelligent person. Surely, therefore, if I confess that this seems to me an exceptionally difficult poem, I am entitled to assume that the average fairly intelligent reader of poetry would also find it difficult. However, this is by no means the first poem which, on a first attentive reading, I have found difficult, obscure. From classical times onward many difficult poems have been written, and some of them have come to be accepted among the masterpieces of world literature. We must not hastily turn from Miss Riding's poem because on a first, attentive reading we have failed to grasp its full significance. Obscurity may or may not be a fault in poetic composition; if it be a fault, it is not necessarily damning. There are many kinds and many gradations of obscurity. But whether, in a given poem, it be due to subtleties of perception and thought, or to excessive compression and allusiveness of style, or to some combination of such difficulties, if a poet's obscurity is to be finally condoned by his readers it must be a penetrable obscurity, an obscurity which due attention can dissolve.

Now, it would be an exaggeration to say that my first reading of "O Vocables of Love" made *no* impression upon me. It did not strike me as utter gibberish. I came to the end of it aware, at least, of a highly individualized hopelessness—a peculiar dessicated and dessicating hopelessness of the associative centers of the forebrain, rather than a despairing anguish of the heart. Whatever this strange little poem may be, I said, it is not a *cri de coeur.* Miss Riding would despise anything so primitive as a *cri de coeur;* she has gone far beyond that. . . . She is testing the universe with the perhaps morbidly sensitive associative feelers of her forebrain, and she finds that it is not good. That was my initial impression. I have been able both to amplify it and to refine upon it since, yet I still believe it to be valid. Miss Riding, in her poetry at least, has contrived to sever herself from the normal emotional contacts with this common world of common men.

Small wonder then, I continued, that you are finding her poem difficult. The emotions are shared by us all; it is the higher association centers that separate man from man. There, if anywhere, the final individuality resides, the purely private and essentially incommunicable *self.* Miss Riding's poem is obscure because it is an unmeditated soliloquy—it is *soliloquy in the absolute sense of that term.* The exact connotative associations of the words and images she is using are known only to herself. They cannot be come at. There is No Thoroughfare. The road is permanently barred.

One may, of course, strive to peer through slight cracks and knotholes in the fence, and so obtain a meager impression—starved, wry glimpses—of the private mindescape beyond! But is it worth the trouble of the effort, since free communication has been so wilfully forbidden?

That, surely, is a question that one must ask.

"The negro centuries of sleep"—whose "thick lips compress compendiums of silence" . . .

Yes, the image is bold, surprising, creative; in itself it is poetry. But endeavor to relate it, imaginatively, to those "vocables of love," those "zones of dreamt responses where wing on wing folds in" these negro centuries of sleep: If I could dwell where Laura Riding dwells, in her own forebrain, I might indeed be able to do so; but not (I respectfully submit) not otherwise.

"Throats claw the mirror of blind triumph" . . . Darkness.

"Eyes pursue sight within the heart of terror" . . . This line, as a subtle expression of cerebral hopelessness, may be saluted respectfully.

True, the second stanza, or paragraph, of this poem is more direct. The cracks widen, the knotholes expand—and for a moment we are almost *moved*:

The end of an end is an echo.
A last cry follows a last cry . . .
Ruin unfolds from ruin . . .
And once more it is yesterday.

If Miss Riding would always write like this, we might perhaps be able to get together! But Miss Riding does not really desire our company; she prefers her own. Wisely, no doubt . . . and yet—*since she publishes?* Does publication in itself not reveal some slight, however tenuous, desire for contacts? There is a paradox here. It is as if one's attention were being vaguely and rather disdainfully solicited by faint, cryptic signals from another planet.

"And once more it is yesterday."

LEE WILSON DODD.

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The Bowling Green

The Folder

SPEAKING (as some one was) of Stratford-upon-Avon, Y. K. of the Bowling Green's Special Staff in London reports that he and Lagonda have made a pilgrimage to Bidford (near Stratford) where according to legend Shakespeare and some companions were badly worsted in a drinking-contest; so much so that they could not get home and spent the night under a crab-apple tree. Y. K. writes:—

Bidford is about seven miles from Stratford and you come into it down a steep hill. The village is small—mostly main street. On the left, in the center of the village, is the Falcon Tavern—now alas a lodging house. A number of families seem to have rooms in it. As we arrived at about 3:15 there was no chance of a drink, nor did I see a pub. The inhabitants seemed aware of the story that Shakespeare once got rather tight in the Falcon. There wasn't much to do but take a good look at it, there were very few people about, and buy post cards from an attractive girl in the post office. She had just come back from London but knew that there had once been a crab tree, supposedly in the fields back of the village. (About half a mile back of the Falcon). She also said there was a crab tree farm, but there was no guarantee that it had anything to do with the original tree. No one would guarantee this. I went back and had a look at the farm which is at the top of the hill as you come into the village. The farm buildings are quite old but the house itself is new. I prowled about the Falcon inspecting it from all angles—the post girl occasionally looking out and wondering what it was all about. You can't go in the Falcon as the doors open into people's bed rooms etc.

I had read about The Crooked House, a pub at Kingswinford (Staffordshire) in Thomas Burke's "The English Inn" and wanted to have a look at it—the description made it seem one of the best things in England—it is. So we went on.

We left Bidford about four, and by twenty past were heading into the Black Country. I do not know whether the day was unusual or not—I hope to God it was. By 4:25 the sun-set was nearly over. There was the most un-Godly, dour, grim, ghost-like, ghastly light I have ever experienced. It wasn't really a light—more the absence of light although strangely one could see. I have never had anything affect me so. We seemed to drive on and on in a state of imagination; villages and people like stage scenery—with all the time this light and the strange horizon the only real things in existence. One didn't seem to realize that one had lived, was alive, or wanted to live. By five the day was as black as night, and a heavy, thick, odorous foggy atmosphere was our only surrounding. By six it seemed as though it were 1 A.M. We reached Kingswinford and asked foggy figures the way: a drive off into open country for two or three miles—no houses—then a cluster of three houses and eventually a man from whom to ask the way. We took a path road for five minutes into nowhere—and then the Crooked House loomed up. (We had turned back once thinking we were ending up in the fields). It was all closed up and I couldn't get in for some minutes. At last after knocking a boy opened the door. The pictures I send you are no exaggeration. You don't know where you are at. The base of the clock touches the wall while its top is four feet away. The shelves in the bar are level. I was asked which end of the table was the highest. I couldn't tell. It looks exactly as it does in the photo—I supposed that the high end was the lowest, and then that the lowest end was the highest etc. The boy put a stone ginger bottle at the end and rolled it down the table. I put out my hand to stop it—don't worry it won't fall—I let go—it stayed and then rolled up the table and fell off the high end, which is about three feet higher from the floor than the other end. They brew their own beer: twice a week when busy. There wasn't a soul there during the hour we spent.

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J. F. B. reports (but without confirmation of detail) "They're playing now in Moscow a dramatization of O. Henry's *Cabbages and Kings*. They call it *Presidents and Bananas*."

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An editorial in the always observant New York *Times* called my attention to Paul Reboux's *Le Nouveau Savoir-Vivre* (Flammarion, Paris), which I hastened to procure. M. Reboux founds his sprightly little volume on some wise words of Montaigne; he tells us that the conditions of existence have changed profoundly in the past quarter century, and that it is now desirable to adapt *la bienséance* to the era of motor-cars, airplanes, cocktails, telephone and radio. It was his vigorous condemnation of miscellaneous telephoning, quoted in the *Times*, that led me to believe his book worth reading.

It is, very much so; it is far more frolicsome and frank than any public essay on etiquette would dare to be in English; it intimates more about French civization and ways of thought than many large works on history and politics. It has in it many spirited passages for Sight Translation. I find the following little essay agreeable:—

CHIENS ET ENFANTS AU SALON

Un chien que l'on examine, que l'on caresse s'il y consent, dont on peut louer le poil, le regard, la gentillesse, est un sujet de causerie dont on ne saurait se priver. Il faut bien aussi faire profiter les hôtes de cette occasion si rare: une causerie mondaine qui ne soit pas fondée sur la médisance.

Même observation pour les enfants.

S'ils sont agréables au regard et s'ils conservent un maintien de sagesse et de modestie, on sera heureux de pouvoir féliciter la mère. Si, au contraire, l'enfant montres de la turburlence, s'il tient des propos inconsidérés, s'il fait avec ingénuité des réflexions piquantes et inopportunes, toute la société s'en réjouira.

Il arrive quelquefois qu'un enfant dise un de ces mots savoureux que la famille, durant des années, répétera avec orgueil. Le cercle des visiteurs applaudira aussitôt. Alors, l'enfant, enivré par son succès, ne connaîtra plus de retenue et prononcera d'une voix éclatante une suite de sottises et d'insanités. A ce moment—là le trouble et le désarroi de la mère formeront pour les spectateurs une comédie assez piquante dont il serait bien fâcheux qu'ils fussent privés.

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I traveled into town via Brooklyn, for the first time in a long while; and was immediately reminded of the theory we used to expound, that passengers on the Brooklyn branch of the Long Island Railroad are of a more inquiring and humane disposition than those who travel to Penn Station. I happened to be reading *Adamastor*, a very remarkable little book of poems by Roy Campbell (the South African poet who wrote *The Flaming Terrapin.*) It has done very well in England and I had been wondering why it has never been announced in this country. As the train drew into the Brooklyn terminal the quiet young man sitting next me said: "Would you mind telling me the title of that book? I guess it wasn't polite, but I couldn't help reading a little of it with the corner of my eye, and it looks like good stuff."

Powerful stuff indeed. This was the kind of thing that had caught the corner of that alert stranger's vision:—

POETS IN AFRICA

We had no time for make-believe
So early each began
To wear his liver on his sleeve,
To snarl, and be an angry man:
Far in the desert we have been
Where Nature, still to poets kind,
Admits no vegetable green
To soften the determined mind,

But with snarled gold and rumbled blue
Must disinfect the sight
Where once the tender maggots grew
Of faith and beauty and delight.
Each with a blister on his tongue,
Each with a crater in his tooth,
Our nerves are fire: we have been stung
By the tarantulas of truth.

Or this, entitled "On Some Novelists":—

You praise the firm restraint with which they write—
I'm with you there, of course:
They use the snaffle and the curb all right,
But where's the bloody horse?

So we gave him the title and publisher's name. He said: "I'm going to Brentano's this afternoon anyway, and if anyone can get it for me, they can."

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We referred to the good old Muses' Library, a series of pocket volumes of oldtime poets. Like other admirable series such as the Camelots and Bohns, almost unknown to the youngest generation of readers and booksellers, they are gradually disappearing from the earth. A few of their titles laboriously reappear, worse printed and edited, in various modern series of reprints. I suppose these literary jettisons are a normal phenomenon of human trade, but it really is amusing to see people paying high de luxe edition prices for good old classics still in print in plain and serviceable format.

One of the older publishing houses writes pensively in regard to the gradual disappearance of the older series of reprints:—

I am sorry to say that the little volumes in the—series have practically no sale at all these days. In fact, their sale has now gone down to a point where we are thinking seriously of giving them up. They are now showing us a loss instead of any profit.

This, of course, is true of so many of the standard books which we and probably a number of the other old line publishers have done so well with in years past. There was a time when booksellers and, I suppose, the public appreciated good books regardless of when they were published. Apparently people used to recognize these good books in the bookstores so that they had a steady sale. The booksellers knew pretty accurately what their sale on these books amounted to and could order accordingly and never ran into any danger of getting stuck with such books. The same was true of the publisher.

Now, however, the booksellers no longer stock these books, and as a result the public no longer sees them, and not seeing they naturally very seldom buy them.

Unfortunately, the publisher cannot afford to advertise them, especially when they are no longer stocked. As a result the loss through sales of books of this kind has been very serious for, I believe, all the old line publishers, especially during the past year. I believe it has also been very serious to booksellers.

What the eventual outcome will be, I do not know. The gamble on new books is too heavy for any of us to make a sufficient profit year in and year out without the aid of these old standbys. Some of the younger publishers are already beginning to realize that it is not as easy as it looks to make money in publishing new books alone. None of us, apparently, is a good enough chooser for that.

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The most seasonable item that I have noticed lately in any bookseller's catalogue is number 75 in Walter M. Hill's Christmas catalogue (25 East Washington St., Chicago). It is an autograph order from Shelley (April 1822) on his bankers in London, instructing them to pay his whole quarterly income (£220) to Leigh Hunt. Mr. Hill prices the item at $1200, but just for sentimental reasons I think he should offer it at say $1071.40, which would be somewhere near the American value of poor Shelley's generous gift at present exchange. In purchasing power, of course, it was far more.

Bookseller's catalogues, and atlases, remain the best textbooks on the history of literature.

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In studying catalogues we are often amused to wonder what the casual glancer may think of the high price usually attached to an item listed as "Poor Copy." The cataloguer should always explain, for the benefit of the beginner, that this means from the famous library of Henry W. Poor.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Super-Journalism

CAMERA OBSCURA. By WILLIAM BOLITHO. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1930.

Reviewed by BROOKS SHEPARD

ALTHOUGH a journalist by profession, the late William Bolitho's work gives one the notion that it was only by force of necessity that he was a writer. He boiled and overflowed with ideas; original and considered and un-self-conscious ideas, given richness and significance by his enormous range of contact and experience. In order to earn a living, he had to pile up these ideas, somehow, on a piece of paper, and to sell them. Moreover, being a journalist, he was compelled to do this on schedule, periodically, against time. In these essays, culled from the ephemeral files of the New York *World*, the *Outlook*, and other periodicals, he has heaped up his crowded ideas of American cities, American leaders, American art, Cro-magnon art, Clemenceau, speakeasies, eugenics, and Zeppelins, in a style which is often awkward, in the sense that Carlyle's is awkward, because it is the almost explosive release of compressed thoughts hurriedly escaping, but always luminously exact, if you will trouble to unkink it, because in his own mind he saw always vividly.

We think of super-journalism in terms of Tomlinson's smooth prose, or Kipling's uncanny sense of drama; but here is something new in super-journalism, something which crashes through the barriers of expression by the sheer power of personality and intellect. Bolitho's is in no sense an unconscious art, though it is often a hurried one; for his artist's conscience compelled him to be vivid and exact; as, for example: "There is undeniably a snobbery, or more accurately an exclusivity, or still more precisely a 'snootiness' about philosophy—" But it is an art under compulsion, which is, in journalism as in other arts, perhaps the finest and truest.

Bolitho is tolerant and infinitely kind; perhaps too kind; although "my fate and nature (which unfortunately have excluded me from participation, and made me only a watcher) force me to get my pleasure in a sidewise operation, by deduction and not as a natural share—" he seems to have loved men and their odd ways, and to have found intrinsic values, sound and demonstrable, in the things that men in the mass admire.

The reader need not fear that these essays, published after Bolitho's death, represent the dishonest and disloyal effort of his executors to capitalize his death by printing his trivia and his rejects. While many of these papers are written upon trivial subjects, and nearly all of them upon subjects of transitory and often ephemeral interest, yet these essays, originally done as journalism, still retain—as the publishers state in an oddly decent blurb—"the indubitable accent of permanence."

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

A Pageant of Religion

THE STORY OF RELIGIONS IN AMERICA. By WILLIAM WARREN SWEET. New York: Harper & Bros. 1930. $4.

Reviewed by CHARLES W. FERGUSON

IT is curious and a little sad that the whole pageant of American religious behavior should not until now have found its director. The notion prevails, and quite properly, that religious ideas and emotions have played a spectacular part at almost every turn of our history, yet the notion has been allowed to remain unsupported by respectable historians. Such historians are inclined to regard the War of 1812 as more important than the revival of 1800 and Andrew Jackson as a figure more influential than Alexander Campbell and Brigham Young. The net result is that religion gets a distorted footnote in the texts and the investigation of our religious backgrounds is left to young men who sell magazine articles in advance and then go out to ransack the records of any period which promises sufficient gore.

In "The Story of Religions in America" one finds at last a competent account, and no less exciting because it is competent. The appeal of the book, apart from the research service it affords students struggling with any phase of American culture, lies in its exceptional news value. It is highly instructive—a virtue that derives chiefly from the sense of historical balance which Professor Sweet maintains throughout. His book is as honest as it is long, and when one finishes it there is the feeling that its author, whatever special predilections he may have had, has pretty well kept them under the tutelage of an engaging narrative. The story serves not so much to lessen popular conviction as to enforce it, but there are many impressions which the book helps to check rather than deepen.

As everyone knows, witches were tortured and executed in colonial days. This Professor Sweet records, but he goes on to point out that as a matter of fact and fairness it should be said that witchcraft delusions were common throughout Europe from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century, "and during these years European witch fires were responsible for the death of at least five hundred thousand victims. Between 1645 and 1647 in England one notorious witch-finder was responsible for sending three hundred condemned witches to the gallows." He also adds that the mania in the colonies was short-lived and that both Increase Mather and Judge Sewall publicly repented for "the late Tragedy raised amongst us by Satan."

Nor were all the persecutions of these early days entirely unprovoked. It is true that the Baptists were often whipped and variously tortured, yet it ought to be noted that their advocates were occasionally ridiculous enough to refer to infant baptism as "the badge of the whore" and to say that "they who stayed while a child is baptized doe worship the Dyvell."

Thus it is throughout the book. There is an almost fastidious attention to the recovery of fact and only slight effort to foist one opinion or another upon the reader. While it is true that the church in America early sought and succeeded in getting a stranglehold on education, there are sallies in liberalism which ought to be set down. One is the case of the Rev. Horace Holley, who in 1818 became president of Transylvania University in Kentucky. Even as a college president in that early day, Holley attacked the doctrine of human depravity and denied "the real personality of the devil." He was forced to resign in 1826—after Centre College had been founded in Danville as a sort of reproof—but the courage and audacity of the man must not be forgotten.

Moreover, Professor Sweet's blazing honesty does not entirely desert him when he comes to deal with the issues which have divided the Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian churches into haughty, zealous groups of North and South, old and new. And more gratifying still, one finds in his book the story, only slightly varnished, of the savage behavior of Christian clergymen during the late war for democracy. Here the book loses its news value, save that Professor Sweet writes as a religionist and one beholds the growth of detachment and honesty in circles where heretofore these virtues have not been conspicuous. It is wholesome that a theologian should look back upon our religious extravagances and find them as hideous as they are glorious.

There are those who will wag their heads and sigh because the author has not made a sociological approach to his study of religion in America. On the whole, however, the genius of his book lies in this failing. His contribution is not to explain religious idosyncrasy by means of social circumstance, but to footnote social behavior by means of religious mood and practice. Example: The religious temper of the colonies was one of the high contributing causes to the Revolutionary War. Largely because religion has often seemed the behavior of ninnies, writers and students fail to estimate properly the force and speed of religious emotions and their influence upon social habits. Yet the fact stands out boldly to any man who is not hipped on some special theory of his own that America's affectionate and never-ceasing preoccupation with the things of the Lord has been and still is one of the most sinewy factors in our conduct as a people.

By the general drive of the story rather than on any particular salient does one feel this idea in Professor Sweet's book. A thesis comparable yet distinct has been elaborated in "The Religious Background of American Culture," by Professor Thomas Cuming Hall. From this book we have the sobering information that religious motives played virtually no part in the founding of the colonies, that our national progenitors were cutthroats rather than saints, and that the religious spirit out of which the nation sprang was one of dissent and restlessness rather than piety. In the light of "The Story of Religions in America," however, "The Religious Background of American Culture" becomes less important. Backgrounds are easy to exaggerate in an age which suffers, as we do, from the affliction of total recall. Whatever may be said of the colonists, the fact remains that since shortly after the establishment of the colonies and throughout the fervent course of our history, we Americans have been grossly preoccupied with religion, and the impact of it all upon our manners is a factor which the shrewd historian in the future will not overlook. Religion is entitled to a hearing which it may not specially welcome.

Boswell Triumphant

EVERYBODY'S BOSWELL. Being the Life of Samuel Johnson abridged from James Boswell's complete text. Edited by F. V. MORLEY. Illustrated by ERNEST H. SHEPARD. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by WILMARTH S. LEWIS

NO figure of the eighteenth century is more in the public eye today than James Boswell. Chatham, Burke, Goldsmith, Hume, Reynolds, not even the Great Cham himself, enjoys his present celebrity. This is due partly to the sensational recovery of the Malahide Papers, but it is due also to the revaluation of Boswell's personality and position in our literature by Professor Tinker and Professor Pottle. The caricature drawn by Macaulay has been replaced by a portrait, and we may now gaze our fill upon one of the most extraordinary of human beings.

Boswell would have loved the title of this book. To be "Corsican Boswell" was delicious, but "Everybody's Boswell"—! Macaulay conceded immortality to his book, but now Boswell himself has triumphantly passed all the obstacles in his way and has taken his seat with the immortals amid the huzzas of a delighted posterity. The spectacle of Boswell at the Shakespeare Jubilee dressed in his Corsican costume (thus dramatically advertising his own book) is put over against the Boswell running "half over London, in order to fix a date correctly, which, when I had accomplished, I well knew would obtain me no praise, though a failure would have been to my discredit." There is the Boswell of the Club and of the late hours in Johnson's rooms when at last he was permitted to share the society of Miss Williams, the Boswell of the Law Courts and Auchinleck and the loving, ill-used Peggie Montgomerie, the Boswell of "gallantry" and deep drinking and hypochondria, the Boswell of the Grand Tour who included in its generous sweep the first personages of Europe from Zélide in Holland to Paoli in Corsica, and did not neglect Voltaire and Rousseau on the way. There is something for everybody in James Boswell.

Mr. Morley's abridgment of the "Life" and "Tour of the Hebrides" comes to six hundred and forty pages and so is something more than a series of extracts. He loses the Boswellians and Johnsonians in the first paragraph of his Introduction when he explains that in his abridgment he has removed what seems to him "comparatively dead wood"—an unhappy phrase which gives a perverse pleasure to looking for omissions of favorite passages. I had the luck to hit on one at the first trial. It is the scene where Johnson after talking "slightingly of musick" listened "very attentively while Miss Thrale played on the harpsichord" until he burst out with the disconcerting question, "Why don't you dash away like Burney?" Mr. Shepard's illustrations are in the sweety-sweety manner which is suitable to Christopher Robin, but not to James Boswell. There is a useful index, and, on the whole, "Everbody" is well served.

Our Hostelries

THE AMERICAN HOTELS. An Anecdotal History. By JEFFERSON WILLIAMSON. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THE modern hotel in all its brassy glory is one of America's contributions to civilization. Certain elements in our restless civilization made its development inevitable. As a people we had hardly achieved independence before we were taking pride in the superlative size, splendor, and comfort of our caravanseries; and our first multi-millionaire Astor, found it natural to advertise his wealth by building New York's costliest inn. The late Mr. Williamson has given the subject devoted and careful research. Beginning with the earliest "modern first-class hotel," the Tremont in Boston, which placed America foremost in this field, he describes all the successive stages of growth down to the days of George Boldt, Ellsworth Statler, and John M. Bowman.

The Tremont was opened in 1829 with a glittering banquet attended by Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, and other famous Bostonians. The principal innovations offered by it were the grandeur of its public rooms—it had the first real "lobby" in the world; the size of its dining room, which easily seated two hundred diners; its provision of single and double rooms for guests, who were no longer expected to "double up" with strangers; the use of modern plumbing; and the equipping of every room with bowl, water-pitcher, and free soap. When we add that it offered gas-light in the principal rooms, the awe and delight of its early visitors may be imagined. The Astor House was a frank imitation of the Tremont on a more dazzling scale. It furnished twice as many rooms, and cost the stupendous sum, for the 'thirties, of $400,000. After that one great hotel followed another in a fierce rivalry of marble, chandeliers, rugs, baths, billiard-rooms, bar-rooms, and sumptuous menus. The St. Charles in New Orleans, the boast of Southern planters; the Palmer House in Chicago; the Palace in San Francisco; the Willard in Washington; Congress Hall at Saratoga—these are but a few of the great names that strew Mr. Williamson's interesting pages.

A great deal of social history is bound up with the record of these American hotels. The list of their rules alone, from the early days, throws a significant light on American *mores*. Mr. Williamson attempts no sociological discussion of the effects of the hotel and of our national taste for hotel life upon American civilization, or *vice-versa*; but he has a keen eye for items which bear upon this subject. For example, he carefully notes the fact—known to few save historians—that at first public opinion required separate dining rooms for men and women; there had to be a "men's ordinary" and "ladies' ordinary." He even notes the general date at which the hotel clerk began to wear diamonds and be known as the very glass of fashion. He offers evidence for the assertion that it was at White Sulphur hotel that the governor of North Carolina made his classic remark to the governor of South Carolina; and he tells us just when the Gideon Society began to place Bibles in every hotel room—in the consulship of McKinley. Perhaps he does not quite do justice to the effect of the hotel in raising American standards of domestic comfort, and in altering American tastes in interior decoration, diet, and entertainment. But he has provided a trustworthy and sufficiently comprehensive treatment of a not unimportant subject.

A Born Rebel

LUCY STONE. By ALICE STONE BLACKWELL. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

JUST a little while ago seems very far away. Lucy Stone was born not much over a century ago, and yet at that time it was legal for a man to beat his wife "with a reasonable instrument." All a married woman's property and earnings belonged to her husband; she could not make a contract, sue, or be sued, and could not make a valid will without her husband's consent. There were no colleges or universities open to women, and any who attempted to speak in public were liable to physical as well as vocal abuse. Virtually the only organizations of which women might be members were church sewing circles. And today!

Such changes in customs and laws during a lifetime are usually brought out in a biography merely to place it temporally and to give an effective background: in the case of Lucy Stone these changes stand out in instance after instance as a result of her life. A rebel is born, and only made in the matter of what he rebels against. Lucy Stone's love of justice, her courage, and her power over people would have made her a fighter in whatever age she lived. As it was, the most obvious injustices around her were directed towards women and slaves,—so she became a feminist and an abolitionist. Like every one else, Lucy Stone was molded by her period; unlike, she in her turn molded her period.

Lucy Stone wore the unesthetic bloomer costume, she made speeches before irate mobs who were not above hurling nearby hymn-books at her head, she definitely overstepped the restrictive bounds of the ladylikeness of the moment, but she escaped entirely from the usual pattern of the reformer. She was small, very pretty, had a romantic attraction for both men and women, and her voice was of a natural sweetness that did much to make acceptable the unpleasant truths which she dealt in from the platform. Her physical and moral courage were equal to tests that might well have given pause to strong men, but she was remembered for her charm.

It would be futile to try to catalogue the events that Lucy Stone Blackwell recounts. Her mother was at the heart of every important movement of her time, her friends and associates were the most interesting people of that time, and the movements and personalities lend glamor and give life to the volume.

The story of the "Pioneer of Woman's Rights" is written by her daughter and is in no sense a critical biography. There is no analysis of character that gets beneath surfaces and no attempt at synthetizing the personality on the deeper psychological levels. Actually the heroine of the biography might be the heroine of the romantic novels of her period, so simple and unmixed were her motives, so conscious and purposeful her acts. But if the reader suspects that this aspect arises from a too filial attitude on the part of the author he may well be disconcerted to find that the letters and journals quoted profusely and tellingly bear out exactly the interpretation presented by the daughter.

Lucy Stone seems always to have lived in the sunlight and surety of her convictions. She saw the right, recognized it, and labored for it. There are no evidences of maladjustments or frustrations that need to be accounted for by the darkened subconscious. The book is a record of a life lived in the open; it is also the record of an attitude towards life no longer possible.

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At Candlemas

By JOAN BARTON

O MARY ringed in endless light,
I give thee now this taper bright.

O Mary see, I pray, midst all
Thy host of stars, my candle small;

That when, alone in winter night,
My little child shall wake in fright,

O then, dear Mary, grant I pray
One gift her childish fears to stay.

Give but one flame whose little light
Shall all her dragons put to flight,

Spare but one light whose slender flame
Shall her small room from darkness claim,

And build for her a shallow ark
Against the terrors of the dark.

O Blessed Maid, give back, from all
Thy host of stars, one candle small.

Reviews

LUPE GOES TO SCHOOL. By ESTHER BRANN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1930. $2.25.

TALES OF A BASQUE GRANDMOTHER. By FRANCES CARPENTER. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by ELEANOR MERCEIN KELLY
Author of "Basquerie."

THESE two little books should make most welcome additions to the keeping-library of the young person, and will interest older persons as well, which is as it should be in keeping-libraries. Personally, I am not quite sure that the mind "grows up" at just the age the body does; one meets such very adult minds in juvenile bodies, also *vice versa*—especially *vice versa!*

No girl of school-going age, at least, can fail to be intrigued by the picturesque experiences of Lupe and her mates, with their blue aprons and their hair slicked smooth with cologne into the likeness of patent leather, marching behind the Mistress of Schools in a demure crocodile, with arms folded behind to keep their backs straight; yet encouraged on occasion by the wise old nuns to dance the merriest, maddest of sevillanas, small feet flying, castanets aclack—the high-voiced castanet always in the right hand, the low-voiced one in the left. To go to school in an ancient Spanish castle, with a garden full of singing crickets, and burros, and other agreeable livestock, and a dormitory where certain pillows are embroidered with neat red crowns to show that their owners are young scions of nobility, is as pleasant an experience for us who read, as for Lupe who did. Her adventure on the apple donkey as an involuntary smuggler of cigar butts; her struggles with the terrible English tongue, so that an error of just one letter causes her to write ten times on the blackboard the rather startling reminder: "I must s-q-u-e-a-k English"—these things make for a sympathetic understanding between nations which, to my way of thinking, cannot begin too young. But the main value of the little book, for adults and adolescents alike, lies in the accuracy of its atmosphere and local color; those of us who know the difference of the many Spains, one from another, will close this little glimpse of true Andalusia thinking, in the quaint local idiom of Lupe herself; "Ay, how well!"

The "Tales of a Basque Grandmother," while simple enough for younger readers than those who will most enjoy "Lupe," are at the same time of more significance to older ones. Frances Carpenter has gone for her material back to very old sources of folk-lore indeed, perhaps the oldest extant; nor is it material easy to come by, since much of it has been lost in the inaccessible fastnesses of the Basque language. Yet the characters which figure in them are entirely real and understandable, despite the fact that the scene is laid "when people still believed in the fairy folk, and when wonderful things happened under their very eyes."

There is Piarres, the prototype of the misunderstood dreamer, who could learn nothing useful but understood the language of birds—and thereby saved his unappreciative family. There is the piteous figure of Ganiche, nicknamed the Good-for-Nothing, whose only crime was stupidity, and who finally wandered out into the ocean seeking among the whitecaps his lost flock of sheep. The underlying tragedy here is not so obvious as unduly to distress childish minds, yet may well serve to awake sympathy for other Ganiches who are nicknamed Good-for-Nothing.

Much of the folklore is unobtrusive allegory. Some of the legends have great poetic suggestions, like that of the ghosts of murdered ringdoves which sat on a tree branch to weight it down and so release the foot of the hunter Echtebe, caught in the crotch, so that he never hunted ringdoves any more.

But the fairies here are none of our sentimental, Anglo-Saxon, have-you-a-little-fairy-in-the-home type, full of good works and pretty tricksome ways; they are fairy folk in the true ancient manner, like the Irish Little People — nonhuman, sinister, with that touch of malice toward man that seems so often inherent in nature. It is the constant effort to thwart such inimical influences that is supposed to have given people, particularly Basque people, their necessary characteristic of shrewdness: "The Tartaros (fairy giants) were not always dangerous, for all they were so strong—but so stupid that when they tried to trick one of our own people, they usually got the worst of the bargain"—as happens to this good day with anyone who tries to trick a Basque.

Such books as the above seem to me a vast improvement on the type of pabulum which used, with a few notable exceptions, to serve as juvenile reading, lineal descendants of Little Rollo and Elsie Dinsmore and their anemic ilk. They are not only better literature, they are a most effective type of peace propaganda. For young Americans who have sat with Manesh and Mayi listening to the aieta-anna in a Basque chimney corner, or who have shared with small aristocratic Lupe the happy democracy of a Spanish convent school, will find it rather difficult in the future to regard such foreign playfellows quite as strangers, therefore as potential enemies.

Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

TALES OF THE FIRST ANIMALS. By EDITH B. WALKER with the collaboration of CHARLES C. MOOK. Illustrated by JANE BANNING BARTLEY. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1930.

Reviewed by RICHARD S. LULL
Yale University

THIS book purports to set forth the story of the dawn of life and the development of the prehistoric world in rhyme and prose for *small children* (italics mine). Whether, unless they are unusually precocious, small children could understand the meaning of the many polysyllabic words which necessarily enter into the narrative, the reviewer seriously doubts. The style is lively and interesting, and should appeal to a child of the intermediate grades, but even he would need a dictionary at his elbow.

Of course the story is fascinating, especially in these days when there has been such a public revival of interest in matters scientific—even the finding of dinosaur eggs in North America being first page news in a great New York daily. The chapters starting with the time among the stars tell of the earth's origin and the dawn of life, and then discuss the several eras of geologic time and their dominant life forms down to man, which makes the title of the book something of a misnomer.

The reviewer found but few factual errors, but there are some. One would hardly call the pterodactyls four-footed creatures, in view of the extreme modification of their anterior limbs for flight. *Triceratops* is not three times longer than his "cape," but from three to four times as long as the entire head and "cape" or, as we say, crest. The Tasmanian wolf does not wander in Australia, but is confined to Tasmania, having been wiped out on the continent before the memory of man. The known Eocene horses are never five-toed, but have four in front and three behind; and *Patriofelis*, despite its name, is an archaic Creodont and does not "belong to the family of flesh-eating animals such as leopards, lions, and tigers" at all. Rarely is the derivation of a technical term given which might aid the memory if not the understanding, and only occasionally is the pronunciation indicated. The illustrations are from familiar sources, attitude and all; one recognizes some of his own. But they are marred by the excessively heavy lines which blur the details; the latter, however, may not be necessary from the standpoint of the intended reader.

The book is certainly to be commended, despite these shortcomings, but not for small children. The reader who can understand it, whatever his age, will learn much that is authentic and probably have his appetite whetted for further and more serious reading and observation in our great museums. If this end is accomplished the book will perform a signal service.

WALLIE THE WALRUS. By KURT WIESE. New York: Coward-McCann. 1930. $1.50.

Reviewed by HENRY WILLIAMSON
Author of "Tarka the Otter"

MR. WIESE has written and illustrated a book of twenty-eight pages, of pleasing size and weight (or weightlessness) for children from any age between, say, five years and a hundred and five years. It is an attractive book, done with much care; the type is large, but not too large, the paper stiff but not too stiff, and the strong thread holding the book together—eleven good stitches down the spine—is pleasing. Now for the story, and the style.

The illustrations, always the most important part of a child's book, are good—in black, blue, and brown. There is a full-sized illustration on every right-hand page, in color: on every left-hand page there is a sketch in black and white, as page-head, and then a half-page chapter. The story is indicated by the title—the birth and growth of a baby walrus in Arctic Seas. Ice, bad polar bears, hunting Esquimaux, thrills, adventures, a happy ending. In fact, the stuff to give them. Is it all true? Not entirely. Objection is not made to the human dialogue—that is a convention, or limitation, which if used properly can convey the spirit of truth. If used improperly, it is just a facile, slick way of faking the stuff to give children. Mr. Wiese trangresses occasionally.

While all this was happening, down under the water Mother Walrus had been counting the minutes.

Do walruses count? And why *under* the water? And do whales spout *steam*? Or is it spray? *Solid fields of frozen ice.* Why not the ice-fields? Or fields of ice? Mr. Wiese should avoid clichés. We offer these suggestion as only by realization of our faults, by unlearning as it were, do we learn to write.

SUN GOLD. A Story of the Hawaiian Islands. By ALICE COOPER BAILEY. Illustrated by LORETTA and PRENTICE PHILLIPS. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by HELEN THOMAS FOLLETT

NOT often do you get a chance of looking at the Hawaiian Islands through the clear eyes of a nineteen-year-old youth and his younger sister. In "Sun Gold" you see them in all their strange tropical loveliness of racing surf and blossoming trees, in all their vigor of mountains and lava fields, as Jerry and Cynthia saw them; you listen to legends and history as they did; and you become absorbed, along with them, in the colorful and exotic everyday life. From the beginning you trust the vision of this young pair from New England—watch them keep their heads in the midst of all the disconcerting newness—and feel assured that the islands are delightfully real, that their beauty is not exaggerated for the use of spectacular background (as in many a story of the islands), nor distorted in any way for the stage setting of this particular adventure.

The story itself is refreshing in its simplicity and appropriateness: it belongs to the islands quite naturally, without any forcing of details to make it belong. Cynthia and Jerry, at the death of their mother, sell their New England home, and with little money in their pockets ("earth-gold") but with much happiness ("sun-gold") in their youthful hearts, and with a determination to earn their own living, start for Honolulu. The islands are already romantically alive to them—through their great-grandmother, a missionary there; through their mother, born and brought up there; and through their grandfather, Colonel Gates, a wealthy and prominent citizen who still lives on Oahu. Their relationship to their grandfather, however (he had in a fit of anger cast off their mother when she married), is their "secret"; and their "making good" through their own efforts (before their grandfather or anyone else discovers their identity) is the story.

The blend of story and islands results in a book interesting and entertaining. If you skip a page you will miss, perhaps, Tom and Adele Gates (cousins of the Jayneses)—lively, spoiled, likable young islanders, contemptuous of the unsophisticated Jerry and Cynthia (and how that works out is a story in itself); or delightful Miss Corbett, who knows island legends and rural schools; or the native workers on the cane plantation on Hawaii, where Jerry gets (and loses, unjustly) a job. Excitement runs high for the two Jayneses—for Cynthia, in her job as teacher under Miss Corbett, and in her romance with Dr. Ted (rather lugged in by the heels); for Jerry it runs into drama—luckily he is an able athlete and can keep his head (and his secret, too) in a fight, or fire panic, or in a dangerous piece of rescue work.

In short, if it's adventure the young reader is looking for, of the conceivable and personal kind, and on islands magnificently real, I should say he would find in "Sun Gold" the cup that is running over.

FLOATING ISLAND. By ANNE PARRISH. New York: Harper & Bros. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

HERE is the kind of extravaganza that should appeal mightily to the youthful reader and that holds even the adult under its spell. For it is so full of a number of things—of faithful portrayal, for instance, of the contents and inmates of a doll's house, of odds and ends of scientific information, of bits of nature description—that it draws the reader on from chapter to chapter as its variety of incidents unfolds.

It is, to be brief, the odyssey of a doll family from the moment that, packed as snugly inside its house as a snail is inside its shell, it started voyaging across the seas to the day that after many adventures it was rescued from the tropical island upon which it had been cast up after shipwreck. Miss Parrish has a ready inventiveness that stands her in good stead in evolving incident for her tale, and an ingenuity that lends a pleasing freshness to the manner of her narrative as well as to its happenings. By the simple device of consigning her more or less informational material to italic footnotes which are an intrinsic part of her tale, she manages to keep the story proper unencumbered of explanatory detail and yet to supply it with background.

The narrative has spontaneity and gaiety, and the kind of high spirits that is likely to communicate itself to the youthful reader. We doubt, however, whether it will be the child who will be Miss Parrish's most appreciative critic, for though he will enjoy he will less fully recognize than will his elders the occasional satirical turn of Miss Parrish's humor, the faithfulness of her depiction, and the fertility of her fancy. But even though he may not realize the deftness of its handling there can be small question that he will follow with interest through it pages. "Floating Island" is a merry tale, merrily illustrated, and suavely written.

BOYWAYS: Leaves from a Camp Director's Diary. By A. E. HAMILTON. New York: The John Day Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by MORRIS LONGSTRETH

WE did not suppose that so much boy could be got into a mere book. The bulk of it is a series of disconnected jottings, small happenings in the daily life of boy-campers. Each page of this verbal album affords a new picture of boy soul in the concrete guise of "Swell-head Jim Davis" and "Watermelon King Emery" and "Goggles" and their struggling contemporaries. Beause we, too, once lived in Arcady, these vivid snapshots of universal boydom are precious. But there is much more than reminiscence here. The leaves are all sprouting from a central philosophic stem. For Mr. Hamilton is not only an efficient camp manager. Once a teacher, a lecturer, an editorial writer, a commissioner of conciliation in the Department of Labor, he has brought experience of life to his real life-work as a prime minister in the kingdom of boys. His policies are clear and sound. They aim to help boys evolve through a devoted understanding of them, to draw out their inherent sense of justice, and to make strong and tolerant young men of them. At Mr. Hamilton's camp there is a strict efficiency, and nothing maudlin. The chapter of advice to camp counselors proves that. But there must be also an atmosphere of rare friendliness and comprehension there, a humor and fair dealing and good-will. That certainly is the evidence of these well-written pages, pages which anyone might well read, but which parents should be made to.

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IT is probably not my province to say one single word concerning "Ballads and Poems, 1915-1930" by Stephen Vincent Benét. Therefore, as I am usually leaving undone the things I ought to have done and doing the things I ought not to have done, and there is in me comparatively little health, I shall say that single word. I shall naturally, not review the book. It will be viewed with entire detachment by another and far better critic. But having had the opportunity for some years to observe at close range the development of a rootedly American poet, a little of the fruit of this observation may be of interest to my readers.

From a rather early age there was a distinct tendency in the author of "John Brown's Body" to grit his teeth. In human relationships both mild and amiable, poetry was yet from the first a bright valour in his blood. It was a direct inheritance from a father whose love of the ringing line was well-known to the evening circle in a certain home. "I sprang to the saddle, and Joris, and he—" "As I ride, As I ride,"

O brave heart and loyal!
Let all your colors dip;—
Mourn him, proud ship!
From main deck to royal—
This is the Captain Loredan
And we are all his men!

—Scattered tags that give the influence. And with this love of the noble strain was combined surely one of the most amazing senses of humor that ever added brilliance to a bitingly mature intelligence. Like father, like son.

There came, naturally enough, a William Morris period. For a certain type of spirited young mind there will always be, thank God, a William Morris period. Here, in the book before us, it can be observed in "Three Days' Ride," from the undergraduate days of the poet. And if one well remembers how, when the mist rolled over the fen, Sir Guy of the Dolorous Blast was slain, one can trace the thread in:

Poison the steel of the plunging dart,
Holloa your hounds to their station!
I march to my ruin with such a heart
As a king to his coronation.

This was good gallantry, nor was it a pose. For William Butler Yeats himself has said of the poetry of youth:

When I was young,
I had not given a penny for a song
Did not the poet sing it with such airs
That one believed he had a sword upstairs;

No, here were "the right twigs for an eagle's nest," and here the sinew without parade of muscularity, mixed with that humor of his father's, that could deftly draw the comparison of the Trapeze Performer in the sonnet of like name. In two other creations this poet fixed in the printed word the chivalric hour of youth; once in the prose which contains a beautiful lyric, —namely the episode of young love occurring in his first novel, "The Beginning of Wisdom," once in the poem, "Flood-Tide." In my own opinion this was an achievement: the capturing of so delicately iridescent and evanescent a thing as that young love which, somehow, in its very vagueness and glamour, seems possessed of so much more essential tragedy than the loves of the mature. By those familiar with my brother's prose the imagined episode of Milly will always be remembered, and in his poetry the young people "huddled up in the launch like a sleepy parcel of birds," as they drift through the light of a moon never to rise again. Now he says, in a changed postscript to that poem:

After the thirteenth year, the water runs as before,
The gemmed wave in the water, the starlight on the gem,
All but the crew who sailed there, and they return no more,
But the words are as they were written. I cannot alter them.

In the sonnets to Donald Malcolm Campbell "The Golden Corpse," a final tribute is paid to that strange era. And this series of sonnets and two single poems illustrate a distinct change coming over the spirit of the dream. Before that time there were many, "Chariots and Horsemen," (one of his sectional sub-titles for this book). Now the characteristically American begins to be the poet's chief concern, in "The Ballad of William Sycamore" and "The Mountain Whippoorwill." These, I feel, both to be logical preludes to "John Brown's Body," even as I feel "The Golden Corpse" to point not indirectly to the "Invocation" to "John Brown." The affection for his own soil, which the years have only served to intensify, is already evinced. For in these sonnets preceding the sonnets of the "Invocation" he offers "to the shadow in the air"

Only a branch of maple, gathered high
When the crisp air first tastes of applejack,
And the blue smokes of Autumn stain the sky.

There had already been Paris and Romance, as there was to be Paris again. There had been the songs of the section, "My Fair Lady," wherein the blood that "can be got from nowhere but the heart" is quicksilvered by adoration into the production of a parade of bright toys:

They'll give you a curled tuba, tall as Rumor,
They'll sit you on a puff of Autumn cloud,
Gilded-fantastic as your scorn and humor
And let you blow that tuba much too loud!

There has always been in my brother's work delight in legend, delight in the tapestry, though his manner of presentation seems to me to take from it any taint of the mustiness of libraries. In fact in his boyhood he was the kind of child who vividly "lives" the characters in the books he reads; he comes naturally by the faculty for vivid recreation of the past. So, the Ironic Spirit descending upon him, he suddenly launched his best single ballad, "King David." Nor was this that spirit's first visitation. Let me point chiefly to an early opinion of "The General Public" as expressed in a poem concerning Shelley's school-days.

Highly talented youth is spendthrift. A facility for writing must be managed with a taut rein. My brother depended upon his typewriter for a living and there came a certain fairly straitened season during which the short stories he was writing failed more and more to satisfy him, though they happened to pay the rent. The opportunity to go to Paris again, this time on a fellowship, was a welcome turn of fortune. Here was a chance to write exactly what he pleased. And he knew now what he wished to write. He wished to concentrate all his powers upon a longer work which would either be better poetry than he had ever written, or a failure. The point was to make use of all the skill he had learned, to apply the day-after-day concentration he had by now schooled himself to give to his work. That he suddenly knew his theme was to be the American Civil War did not seem at all extraordinary to his immediate family. Books in his father's library, the "Battles and Leaders," old Army records, had from the time he was very young helped to ruin his eyesight quite as much as Ferrero on the Roman emperors. Indeed, I recall many a conversation between a spectacled small boy and an older man who always reminded one rather of a rapier, the latter biting his mustache and drawling his argument with twinkling eyes. Both draped themselves quaintly over their respective chairs; the tendency on the part of the males of that family being never to sit straight in a chair if one could possibly avoid it. They may have been discussing the wilderness or Antietam. It was in the midst of my brother's most pronounced pro-Southern period, which had followed on a period of polemic Socialism during which time he would receive letters in red ink from his parent addressing him as "Dear Comrade. . . ."

Well, the work was "determined, dared and done." It will stand. The author of it and the author of "Ballads and Poems" is not an impeccable writer. But though some years have passed since first he began it, poetry is still to him the same bright valour in the blood. He writes it to please himself according to the demands of his own temperament. His mind is vigorous and intensely alive. Criticism he takes with a drawl and a twinkle.

"The Island and the Fire" has been his longest poem since "John Brown." It ends the present volume. It renews his dedication to the American soil. Which most certainly does not mean that he will hereafter write of nothing but America. The wind of the spirit bloweth where it listeth. But this poet still likes to draw his similitudes from the richness of his own country's past.

A good poet; a man of strong affections; a good man at a venture!

Points of View

A Difference of Opinion

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

I am not one of those authors who believe that book reviews have little effect. I don't think that any book of literary merit can achieve contemporary success unless it has favorable critical support. And the greater the literary quality of a book the more dependent it is on its reviewers and its publisher to present its individual flavor to the public.

When a reviewer has somehow missed the crux of a piece of writing, the book in question is definitely handicapped: especially if the review has appeared in a journal of the standing of *The Saturday Review.*

And because I feel that Alice Tisdale Hobart in her criticism of "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" did miss the quality of Mrs. Stone's book, I am sending you my impression of her review.

Mrs. Hobart approached the book with the experience of years in China's interior. She had come through the ordeal of Nanking. She has herself written with restraint and integrity about China's chaotic present. It is inevitable that all this should enter into her consideration of any modern book in China.

In reviewing "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," she says that "after her first hundred pages the authentic and realistic tone of Mrs. Stone's book suddenly changes . . . Reality comes to an end and fancy rides where it listeth."

But, I contend that Mrs. Stone is not writing a realistic novel of China's revolution. And her book must be judged by what it is, rather than by what it is not.

From my own memory of several months in China, I should say that Mrs. Stone captured the Chinese scene as delicately and decoratively as though a Chinese poet had phrased it for her.

Such a stage is not set for an analysis of politics, or commerce, but for the story of the meeting of the essence of China and the essence of the New England small town. The plot device which takes the New England girl, Megan, into the household of General Yen, is to me so incidental that I do not care whether it is "trite" or not. In such a book as the "Bitter Tea," the plot is but the necessary framework upon which Mrs. Stone has built an exquisite work of art; a story rich in beauty and wisdom; an expression of the realities of the spirit.

Yet the revolution is there too, though subordinated to the main theme. You feel it happening all about you, on every page; with Megan and the General pausing at the vortex of the struggle to talk for a moment about the eternal realities.

BLAIR NILES.

English Grammars

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Since the appearance of my supplementary list of English grammars in *The Saturday Review* of October 4 (P. 187) I have had a number of inquiries as to prices and publishers of some of the books there listed. Believing that there may be others interested in this information, I should be pleased to have you publish this note in your columns.

The prices of the bound volumes of Poutsma's "Grammar of Late Modern English" are as follows: Part I: *The Sentence* (2nd ed. 1928, 1057 pages) 20.50 Dutch florins; Part II, Sec.1, A: *Nouns, Adjectives, and Articles* (1914, 703 pages) 10 florins; Part II, Sec. 1, B: *Pronouns & Numerals* (1916, 734 pages) 11.50 florins; Part II, Sec. 2: *Verbs & Particles* (1926, 891 pages) 18 florins. (One florin equals 40 American cents) Mr. Poutsma is now working on a second, enlarged edition of the volumes of Part II.

Onions's "An Advanced English Syntax" is published by Kegan Paul, Trubner & Co., London (Macmillan Co., New York) and costs about $1.

The three published volumes of Jespersen's "A Modern English Grammar" (Heidelberg: Carl Winter) cost about 13 marks apiece. Professor Jespersen writes me: "Two-thirds at least of the fourth volume (which is not to be the last) are ready for the printers, but I cannot say when the whole will be ready. . . . I have also in hand a one-volume grammar of English."

It is interesting to note here that Professor George O. Curme is proceeding in percisely the opposite manner. His one-volume "College English Grammar" (Johnson Publishing Co. 1925. $2.) is soon to be followed by a large work in three volumes. The first of these is now in press and will be published by D. C. Heath & Co, about March, 1931. The second is also practically ready and is to make its appearance in the same year. The third and concluding volume, written by Prof. H. Kurath, of Ohio State University, is almost completed and may be expected by 1932.

Two other significant works, not included in my original list, are: E. Kruisinga, "A Handbook of Present-Day English," Utrecht: Kemink en Zoon, 4 vols. 4th edition 1925, and G. Wendt, "Syntax des heutigen Englisch," Heidelberg: Carl Winter. 2 parts, 1911 & 1914, 328+279 pages. $4. Both of these grammars are well documented.

WILLIAM F. LUEBKE.
University of Denver.

"The Magic Mountain"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Having recently read for a second time, "The Magic Mountain," by Thomas Mann, I am more than ever amazed at the relatively little critical attention which this work has received at our hands. I have not seen, though I am a pretty close reader of critical journals, a single ambitious attempt to analyze, adjudge, and publicize this mighty work. And all the while a disproportionate amount of energy and acumen is spent on certain moderns, notably French, who have probably no more than symptomatic and experimental value. I am sure this inattention has kept from being moved by this novel a considerable number of intelligent readers who depend upon critical reiteration of the value of a work for their attention to it.

My work brings me in daily contact with college teachers over a large part of the country. By way of experiment I have been mentioning "The Magic Mountain" rather often of late, and have been greatly surprised at the meagre few who have read it. Almost unbelievably there have been a few teachers of German among them. And now, when the cry is being raised everywhere at the aridity of modern writers and the failure through them of the modern spirit to itself in literature, is it possible th epic, which is perhaps the one reall book of modern times, which may indeed lay claim to be the most successful accomplishment of the novel form in any language, is relatively unknown?

THEODORE PURINTUN.
Salt Lake City.

Amende Honorable

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I hate injustice of all kinds, but perhaps literary injustice worse than any other, because at best writers have pretty poor chances.

In a lecture the other day I made a reference to "The Far-Away Bride" which I sincerely regret. I said, indeed, that I had not read the book and did not know the name of the author, but the inferences I drew in a humorous vein, from the attitude of a person who was reading the book were not favorable.

I now hear that the novel is entitled to any critic's respect. All I can do is to give to my regrets—if you will kindly help me —much more publicity than I gave to my error. "Always verify your references," old Routh of Oxford, said on his death-bed.

ERNEST DIMNET.
Detroit, Mich.

Coleridge Letters

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

With the kind consent and coöperation of the Coleridge family, I am preparing an edition of the unpublished correspondence of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Inasmuch as I am anxious to make my edition as complete as possible, I shall be very grateful to anyone for information regarding the whereabouts of S. T. Coleridge MSS.

E. LESLIE GRIGGS.
c/o Rev. G. H. B. Coleridge,
Leatherhead (Surrey), England.

André Siegfried's "Tableau des Partis de France" (Paris: Grasset) is not only a portrayal of the political system of France but as well a commentary upon its contemporary politics. It is not, and does not pretend to be, a comprehensive study, but it is a brilliant and suggestive one.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

MODERN AMERICAN PAINTERS. By SAMUEL M. KOOTZ. Brewer & Warren. 1930. $5.

The handsome illustrations in this book are preceded by a text which interestingly presents a limited point of view. The opening section is a clear summary of the immediate past of painting in France; it is too brief to tell the whole truth, but it drives straight at the heart of the matter. When, in the second section, Mr. Kootz turns to an analysis of the American background, he becomes censorious through insufficient historical knowledge. Puritan and pioneer were not, as he thinks, one and the same; in particular their attitudes toward painting were different in themselves, in their causes, and in their effects. Both attitudes received expression in that art, the former in portraiture and the latter in landscape; the fact that neither fits into the scheme devised by modernist esthetic dogma does not make either historically negligible even during these years of modernist ascendancy. We must know a great deal about our ancestors before we can safely find fault with them for not being as intelligent as ourselves; and Mr. Kootz seems to know just about what was brought into currency by the first exhibition season of the Museum of Modern Art.

Like it, his book begins with the fathers of modernism and arrives at contemporary Americans by way of the painters of Paris; of Americans before today he mentions only Eakins, Homer, and Ryder, and his treatment of them, lacking balance and finality, is only to argue against some temporary exaggerations at the time their works were shown at the Museum in question. But he knows, and rightly urges, that the way to great painting lies in caring passionately for something which can be greatly expressed in painting; it is his misfortune—and his readers'—that he fails to see that passion in the pictures of more than his eleven elect and his seven novitiates. His own passion for the work of Mr. Peter Blume is voiced with touching extravagance. Was his whole book written around that eulogy?

Belles Lettres

MENCKEN AND SHAW. By BENJAMIN DE CASSERES. New York: Silas Newton. 1930. $2.50.

One may not know how to "take" De Casseres. He is that sort of a man, and that kind of a writer. Discreetly and selectively read aloud, much of his book will furnish a hilarious half hour, in good company. This is particularly true of the last (and lesser) part of the book, which deals with Shaw. Shaw is "dealt with," certainly, and with no thrift in the matter of high-powered explosives.

Much of the matter on Mencken is similarlarly entertaining, but here, besides mirth and detonations, are critical shafts aimed so well that they may be taken seriously. A note on the jacket of this volume quotes a letter from Mencken himself, on this subject: "Some of the criticism, I confess uneasily, is very penetrating. It unearths weaknesses that I was only vaguely aware of" . . . and more in the same tone of humility .

In a foreword to the book, De Casseres describes himself as a "gustatorian," not a critic. This distinction has to be born in mind if we are to make anything of its violent moods. In his own words, it "does not analyze or weigh, but apotheosizes or slays."

A comment on Mencken's "Notes on Democracy" is very good:

"Read his "Notes on Democracy" in one sitting and you will soon discover that it is all set to a wild, lawless rhythm. . . . I could turn the whole book into a "Zarathustra," a poem of hatred of the inferior man which might become the Bhagavad-Gita of democracy. Perpend:

When Presbyterians step out of the grave
Like chicks from the egg,
And wings blossom from their scapulæ
And they leap into interstellar space
With roars of joy.

"Again I say no book like this, so infernally and venomously beautiful, has been born to us since Victor Hugo's "Les Châtiment."

Thus Benjamin De Casseres in a book of one hundred and forty-six pages, that speaks loudly enough to be heard above the sounds of common conversation, and even above a universal disquiet caused by the radio. Some will find its speech worth hearing.

Drama

THE BEST PLAYS OF 1929-1930. Edited by BURNS MANTLE. Dodd, Mead. 1930. $3.

In the course of twelve annual volumes, Mr. Mantle's collection of "Best Plays" has become an institution. It no longer is to be considered critically; it is inevitable. As a reference book, it furnishes an excellent and unique critical file. As reading matter, it is a negligible, if not ridiculous, volume. Obviously, no play which is worth printing or producing can stand the sort of editing to which Mr. Mantle (however carefully) subjects his ten best plays. The best plays, just because they are best plays, mean nothing as Mr. Mantle presents them. One would think that thin India paper and a slightly higher retail price might make it possible to print the plays in their entirety and so give the volume some reason for being, other than its tables which might easily be put into a fifty-cent pamphlet. Another solution might be to reduce the number of "best" plays to five. Not many plays really deserving a place in a collection of this sort would be barred by the more severe quota.

However, to those readers who normally skip every other chapter, this volume may be recommended as one of Mr. Mantle's more exciting compilations. Of course one has not yet forgotten how these titles looked up in Broadway lights last year, but, shading one's eyes, "The Green Pastures" remains a rich piece of writing; "The Criminal Code," a sturdy, sincere piece; "Berkeley Square," such a rare bit of literary mysticism as seldom dares the hard-boiled hinterland of Broadway. "Strictly Dishonorable" and "The First Mrs. Frazer" are still aglow with the personalities of Carminati and Grace George and one does not want to pry too precisely into truth when illusion is still sweet. Having come so far down the list, one's brows draw together a trifle. "The Last Mile" . . . Well, let it pass. "June Moon" . . . By what possible apology! "Michael and Mary" . . . Never. "Rebound" . . . If on the stage good intentions may be substituted successfully for achievement. "Death Takes a Holiday" . . . Provided you are interested in what it might have been.

One might protest against such omissions as those of "Children of Darkness" and "The Commodore Marries" and "Karl and Anna," did it not seem that in such an indiscriminate volume omissions and inclusions alike must be unimportant.

Fiction

THE OPEN SECRET. By OLIVER ONIONS. Houghton Mifflin. 1930. $2.50.

Oliver Onions, English author, may be an enigma to the British public. The man on the jacket of his new book is not one. He is open, honest, likable, a bit serious; and it is a good likeness. As for the underthing that haunts the book, and never comes quite out of the shadow, that may take a bit of divination, but no great profundity. A little pleasant mystification is part of the author's technique, and suits the story. It is a good one.

Nothing tells you that Mr. Onions has undertaken to write a "serious novel." It is all rather casual. You meet a somewhat dubious young fellow from the slums, Clarry Moss, who turns out to be pretty decent. You meet an ex-service man from a stratum considerably higher up, their lines cross, and they end up in very much the same sort of a fix. If anything in the admittedly "popular" vein affected here led you to suppose you would find a "lived happily ever after," there is a jolt coming. Clarry Moss has a working knowledge of women, and uses it, but it gets him nowhere. Halsey Vibert has more chivalry and less experience. He is left with some nice memories and a flute for consolation. Under it all you feel the underthing, which "has a new name, but has had many names, and will have many more. It will go on having them as long as those in high places, appointed to sow the land with corn, sow it with chaff instead."

Here is a book a man might read, sprawled anywhere, with a pipe in his mouth. Yet it is done with a conscience. There is not a slovenly line in it. And the characters are not "flat." They are distinctly real, and they develop. The few tantalizing love scenes are quite charmingly done and leave no brown aftertaste. Modern and sophisticated as the book is, there is not a spot of mildew in it, or decadence.

(*Continued on next page*)

Literature Abroad

Recent German Fiction

DUMMHANS. By GUSTAV FRENSSEN. Berlin: G. Grote. 1930.

NARZISS UND GOLDMUND. By HERMANN HESSE. Berlin: S. Fischer. 1930.

DIE NÄCHTLICHE HOCHZEIT. By ALEXANDER LERNET-HOLENIA. Berlin: S. Fischer. 1930.

ALEXANDER. By KLAUS MANN. Berlin: S. Fischer. 1930.

ROSSBACH. By ARNHOLT BRONNEN. Berlin: E. Rowohlt. 1930.

IM SCHATTEN SHAKESPEARES. By EDUARD STUCKEN. Berlin: Horen-Verlag. 1930.

CORNELIA GOETHE: EIN ROMAN IN TAGEBUCHBLÄTTERN. By META SCHNEIDER-WECKERLING. Jena: Eugen Diederichs. 1930.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

THESE seven German novels, although all widely differing from one another in style and quality, yet fall into two more or less well-defined groups. The first three we may put in the *Märchen* class, although our reason for doing so will require a little explanation. The veteran novelist of Holstein, Frenssen, the leading German "regionalist" novelist of today, has himself felt the necessity for giving an explanation of the title of his story. Dummhans was the foolish hero of one of the best-known Grimm series of stories; he does all kinds of foolish and mistaken things, but he has a girl who is fond of him, and things somehow come right at the end, or at least we are sure that, although he may not have much head, he has a heart. So with this admirably told story of a village boy, the son of a peasant, Bendix Grote. It is typical of all its author's qualities, both good and bad, of his practised skill as a narrator, of his German sentimentality and self-complacency, of his ability at depicting the people and landscape of a region he has made his own as surely as Thomas Hardy made his own the people and landscape of Wessex.

Nothing goes right with poor Bendix; his father has to support, out of his scanty resources, a poor old mother, and one day he is taken to prison, found guilty, and detained on the charge of setting fire to his farm in order to realize the insurance money. The boy, the Dummhans, then shows his courage and determination, which, for all his awkwardness, we have never doubted. He comforts his mother, runs the farm, only again to be dashed by another fire—this time without doubt caused by the weakminded old grandmother. But in all his trials he is supported by the idyllic, innocent love of a girl of the village, his "queen." It is a simple story, and the ultra-moderns will become impatient with it long before the end. But those who are tired of, or do not yet know, modernity, will read it avidly, and we do not doubt that it will enjoy wide popularity in Germany, as have most of Frenssen's previous stories. The author's suggestion that he has made of his modern *Märchen* a kind of symbol of Germany's trials since the end of the war may be a little difficult to appreciate, but all the setting is in Holstein of the years immediately succeeding the Armistice.

The successor to Herr Hesse's "Steppenwolf" is a much more sophisticated affair. It is, like its predecessor, a kind of allegory of the contrast between flesh and spirit. The boy Goldmund stands for the first, the young, intellectual monk, Narziss, for the second. At the monastery school—the setting is vaguely Germany of the Middle Ages—these two become fast friends, but one day, in a boyish escapade, Goldmund is awakened to the call of the senses, and he begins his wild and varied worldly pilgrimage, his search for happiness through the satisfaction of the physical instincts leading him into relations with girls and women of various stations in life. One adventure, told with great force, is in a part of the country stricken by the Black Death; another, with a high-born lady weary of her lord. At last Goldmund comes to die, and on his deathbed he is reunited with his friend, who also has not found complete happiness.

The Viennese writer, Herr Lernet-Holenia, who has made a notable reputation as a dramatist, has a much lighter touch—he is partly of French extraction, which may account for it. In any event his modern *Märchen* is delightful. It tells of a girl, Marusia, whose father, a Prince, and mother, an American, not wishing to own her, send her away to be brought up by some Polish peasants—the setting is in an imaginary Kingdom of Poland of our own day. But the mother dies, leaving her child her fortune, and the Prince then wishes to get Marusia back. So the Count von Sommerstorff is sent off to find her. He succeeds, and discovers her to be altogether charming, of fresh, rural innocence, but now of noble destiny. He falls in love, and so does she, and for some time they fail to return to Warsaw, where the Prince is awaiting the result of the mission. But by his influence official machinery is set in motion, and eventually Marusia is restored to her parent. Sommerstorff tells him of their love, but the Prince has a rather empty-headed but rich and distinguished Duke in view as his daughter's husband. So there is a delicate narration of clandestine meetings, lovers' intrigues—but all to no purpose. In spite of all Sommerstorff's plans, and Marusia's resistance, she is carried off, and forcibly married one night, in a little Polish village, by a parish priest pressed into unwilling service. This is a folk tale theme, treated whimsically in the modern manner, and it is entirely enjoyable.

"Alexander" is the first novel of the young writer-son of a celebrated father—Thomas Mann. It is a very creditable production, for, following with fair closeness the accepted historical version of Alexander the Great's life, the novelist gives an excellent impression of his early years, the development of his character, and the beginning of his campaign against the Persians. Then, however, the story begins to border on the fanciful and legendary; there is a highly-colored account of the encounter with the Amazons, and the invasion of India, with the meeting of the Brahmins, and the marriage with Statira. The energy of the earlier part gives way to rhetorical violence, and the epic character which one would think proper to any broadly conceived novel of the great emperor is lost. Still, there are memorable pages, and the promise Klaus Mann here shows is something to be noted by the reader of contemporary German fiction.

Arnolt Bronnen's new book—one can hardly call it a novel—deals with a soldier, but of a far different kind, and of our own day. The treatment is, one may presume, strictly historical, but there are descriptions and conversations which, it may be assumed, are imagined. Lieutenant Rossbach may not be very well remembered outside Germany at this time of day, but he played a picturesque part in the various German Nationalist risings after the war, notably in the Kapp *Putsch*. Herr Bronnen, who has already, in his previous novel, "O. S," attempted to glorify German, or Prussian, nationalism, in its conflict with Poland, here paints a glowing picture of this kind of modern *condottiere*, with his band of devoted young soldiers, sworn enemies to Communism and still more to all that denies, or appears to deny, the sacred claims of Germanism. The pages on the beginnings of Adolf Hitler's National Socialist movement have a topical interest in view of the success of this party in the last German elections, and the close, with its defiant claim that the mission of Rossbach's corps will not be fulfilled until Germany's borders are once more alongside those of Russia, is worth noting. But this is not a work of art; it is a political manifesto.

Some years ago, in his monumental three-volume novel, "Die Weissen Götter," Eduard Stucken demonstrated his power of mastering a mass of historical and topographical detail. Something like the same talent is shown in his latest novel, although it is on a smaller scale. It is not easy at first to account for the title, for Shakespeare never once appears, and although there is an account of one of the masques of Ben Jonson, it is not the poetry and drama of the time with which the novelist is chiefly concerned. He has tried to paint a highly colored picture of the reign of King James the First, who is represented in an entirely unfavorable light, given up to unnatural vice—this was a non-proven charge against him—vain, foolish, tyrannical. The real hero is his son, the popular Prince Hal—who did not survive him—and his lover, the beautiful Arabella, whom James first imprisoned as a possible claimant to the throne, and then, tired of his wife, but urged by his courtiers to try to direct his passions into more normal ways, tries to seduce. All this plot is woven against a background of court intrigue, political wirepulling, witch-burning, combined with crass superstition by those who engineered this persecution. The canvas is very full and the novel is on the whole readable, but it is uneven, and, above all, is not to be taken as very sound historical fiction—for the age of Shakespeare was not all like this.

From slender material Meta Schneider-Weckerling has constructed a life of that

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pathetic figure, who in his earl elia, Goethe's sister, meant so much companionship to nd whose premature death was noted in his diary with only the three words *"Dunkler zerrissener Tag."* A note at the end of what the writer calls a *"freie dichterische Gestaltung"* enables us to separate the actual quotations from the invented portions of this novel. There are a few of Cornelia's own letters—her girlish love for the Englishman Harry Lupton, his consciousness of her lack of physical beauty, which Goethe himself confirmed, although he went on to praise the soul which spoke out of the depths of her eyes; there are certain verses of Lenz, who fell in love with her after she was married to Goethe's friend Schlosser; there are a few pages of Schlosser himself, and there are, of course, certain of Goethe's own early poems. The poems to him from Charitas Meixner, his earliest love, Cornelia's friend, have been written by the author of the novel, who points out that this is justified by the known fact that Charitas wrote poetry, although nothing by her has survived. It is obviously not a very satisfactory way of writing fiction, this kind of patchwork of the authentic and the imagined, but students of Goethe's life will find much of interest in the final result, since the relations between Goethe and Cornelia were of real importance, and little is said of Goethe's sister's own tragic story in the majority of the lives of the poet.

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

And so, as books go, it is something of a surprise. Although spirited as a book need be, it is not a "chaser" like so many of Buchan's. It has page interest, not plot interest only. One is apt to turn back for another look at some of the passages. There is a telling personification of Big Ben as the time spirit over London. Contemporary life? Our own generation? There is nothing else here, in this book . . . except that deep, slow, brooding thing that watches over human destiny. Here is an author who is aware of it, as the many are not. That, doubtless, constitutes, for them, his enigma.

History

ENGLAND IN THE AGE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By L. B. NAMIER. Macmillan. 1930. $8.50.

Does Mr. Namier's volume bear the same title in England? There, where our Revolution is not a drawing subject, there can be no temptation to capitalize its popularity. But "England in the Age of the American Revolution" does not even touch its subject, for it covers only the last years of George II and the first three years of his grandson's reign. That the great struggle with America is soon to come there is not an inkling. There is a chapter on "Parliament and America," but it merely analyzes the Parliament of 1761 to show how many members, or perhaps how few, had knowledge of the colonies. This was the Stamp Act Parliament, but the question of taxing the colonies had not yet come forward. Of Mr. Namier's minute and thorough scholarship there can be no question; but students of our Revolution will find that he has not yet turned his industry in our direction.

And yet the student welcomes the present volume for what it does contain. It gives a valuable view of the relations of Bute and George III, almost movingly human; but elsewhere confining itself exclusively to politics, it gives brief statements of many almost forgotten characters, and carries out a close study of the relations between Bute and Newcastle in 1762-3. Much of the detail in the book is new and useful, and the American historian may well hope that Mr. Namier will carry his studies further.

Miscellaneous

THIS THING CALLED BROADCASTING. By AFRED N. GOLDSMITH and AUSTIN C. LESCARBOURA. Holt. 1930. $3.

Dr. Goldsmith is Vice-President and General Engineer of the Radio Corporation of America; Mr. Lescarboura was formerly managing editor of the *Scientific American*. Both have had long experience in radio, from its crude beginning a quarter of a century ago to its present status as America's sixth largest industry, and they are eminently qualified to write its first complete popular history.

The few technical portions of the book, dealing with modulation and amplification, are simply and effectively handled, and are necessary to an understanding of the problems which the young industry had to solve. The evolution of broadcasting from a mere stunt into an art with its own technique is admirably told. The further evolution of this art into a national institution; the disappearance of the weaklings, and the emergence of the great networks; the coming of "sponsored" programs; and the intervention of government in licensing broadcasters and allocating wave-lengths, are related interestingly and in detail. In dealing with the social implications of radio, the authors are on apparently less firm ground; they claim, for example, that radio is increasing the birth rate, by making home and marriage attractive to women. But before the coming of radio, people didn't sit up as late. We wonder. But they have left nothing unsaid, and their book, which is more than 350 pages long is readable and timely.

Travel

A BACHELOR ABROAD. By EVELYN WAUGH. Cape & Smith. 1930. $2.50.

Mr. Evelyn Waugh has the reputation of being a brilliant young man. He wrote two precociously clever and amusing books —"Decline and Fall" and "Vile Bodies." But now he has been seduced by travel of the conducted cruise variety, and in this reviewer's opinion, his own decline and fall is very great. A temporary fall, one hopes, if he stays at home or is silent about future voyages. "A Bachelor Abroad" is depressingly naive and ladylike—for anyone who has ever been on a ship merely an artless catalogue of trivial information about fellow travellers, food, luggage, sights. Mr. Waugh states rather disarmingly that he still regards himself "less as a writer than as an out-of-work private schoolmaster." And he prefaces most of his opinions by the phrase "it seems to me." But by page 279 this ceases to be an excuse.

He toured the Mediterranean on the *Stella Polaris*. His only exploit was to stay in Port Said a whole month without being bored to death. Possibly he had a mildly amusing time, but the account he gives does not make profitable reading.

Books Briefly Described

JOHN ELLIOTT. By MAUD HOWE ELLIOTT. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1930. $7.50.

A biography, presented largely through the medium of his own letters, of an artist whose acquaintanceship included the great of two continents. Sewn thickly with anecdote and reference, it offers a succession of silhouettes of the illustrious of the 'nineties in artistic circles in Rome and America.

UP THE COUNTRY. By EMILY EDEN. New York: Oxford University Press. 1930. $3.

The journal of a trip made in 1837-38 through the Upper Provinces of India by the Governor General and his sister. Miss Eden was possessed of a lively pen, good powers of observation, no small wit, and much sprightliness, and her record is fresh and entertaining even after the passage of nearly a century.

THE DIARY OF LADY MARGARET HOBY. Edited by DOROTHY M. MEADS. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1930. $4.

The diary of a lady of position of Tudor England now first transcribed and edited from the original manuscript in the British Museum, this volume is an interesting leaf from the book of life of the gentlewoman of the England of its period. In its reflection of the piety of the woman of the time —Lady Mary's most frequent entry is "after priuatt praers" or "after I had praised god" and her most constant diversion churchgoing—and in the insight it affords into the occupations and housekeeping of the lady of quality of "Tudor England" it has interest for the general reader as well as value for the historian.

New Editions

The Modern Library has republished Bayard Taylor's translation of "Faust" ($.95). Alfred A. Knopf has reprinted Thomas Mann's "Death in Venice" in an attractive edition. The Oxford Press has had Stevenson's "Kidnapped" illustrated by Rowland Hilder—large print and excellent for childhood. From the Viking Press is an attractive edition of "Handley Cross" by Surtees, with an introduction by Siegfried Sassoon, and Leech's illustrations in colors, limited to 1,000 copies for the U. S. A. E. P. Dutton are publishing in a three volume set "The Swan Shakespeare." It has the Cambridge text, with extensive notes on production by C. B. Purdom, and drawings of costumes and scenes by Jean Campbell. The subtitle is "A Player's Edition." Alfred A. Knopf has also brought out a very handsome edition of William Cobbett's downright "Advice to Young Men and (Incidentally) to Young Women," with illustrations after Gilbray and a preface by Earl E. Fisk ($15.00).

The Reader's Guide

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER c/o *The Saturday Review*.

S. C. V., San Francisco, Calif., asks for a book to give a girl who wishes to become an interior decorator.

ASSUMING that she wishes information as to training, qualifications, preliminary study, and such matters as help a girl to make up her mind what she will do, the chapter on "Playing House" in Hazel Rawson Cades's "Jobs for Girls" (Harcourt, Brace) will do this and do it clearly and in some detail. The book is lately published, an important feature in books about vocations.

SOME time ago a correspondent in Montrose, N. Y., asked for a book on famous women of Italy: the question has reached the Italiana Literary Guide Service, Anacapri, Italy, from which comes the following list of books about noted Italian women: "I wonder," says T. W. Huntington, "whether the title is among these which I have assembled for you": "Men and Women of the Italian Renaissance," by Christopher Hare (Mrs. Marian Andrews), (Paul). "The Most Illustrious Ladies of the Italian Renaissance" (Scribner), by the same. "The Women of the Medici," by Yvonne McGuire (The Dial Press). "Queens of the Renaissance," by M. Beresford Ryley (Small Maynard). "Lords and Ladies of the Italian Lakes," by John Edgecumbe Staley (John Long).

L. J. G., Pittsburgh, Pa., asks if the stories of James B. Connolly recently issued as "Gloucestermen" are included in the earlier publication "The Book of the Gloucester Fishermen," published by John Day.

"GLOUCESTERMEN" (Scribner) is an omnibus volume of the author's most popular sea stories, twenty-seven in all, with three never before published. "The Book of the Gloucester Fishermen" (Day) is the non-fictional side of these stories, the experiences on which they were based and the lives of the men who lived them, to preserve "a record of what these Gloucestermen actually were while my own memory of them is still fresh." The two make grand volumes for a sealover's library.

A. P. H., Dunkirk, Ind., asks if there is a modern edition of Dekker's "Pleasant Comedie of Old Fortunatus."

IT is included with three others in the little volume "Thomas Dekker: Best Plays" (Scribner), with an introduction by Ernest Rhys, in the valuable Mermaid Series, and is published by itself, with notes by Oliphant Smeaton, in one of the volumes of the Temple Classics, another useful series (Dutton). "Thomas Dekker," by M. J. Hunt (Columbia University Press) is a study of this dramatist.

E. S., Hartford, Conn., asks, on behalf of a secretary already competent in her own line, but with a scrupulous regard for exactness, for a grammar with which to study as a beginner would, for she has learned the language only by using it, and feels that "she lacks something by not knowing the rules."

A TEXTBOOK is needed, not a reference work, like Wooley's "New Handbook of Composition," nor an authority on usage, like Fowler's "Modern English Usage," but an exposition of the subject clear enough for an adult student to use without an instructor. Several other calls including one from *H. A. C., Philadelphia,* have come for grammars to be used by secretaries in much the same way: our interest in the subject is looking up. "A New English Grammar," by M. A. Leiper (Macmillan), gives the historical background in a discussion of each topic and a good list of references to other readings, and is written in an interesting style. This is a safe and useful first choice. Then there is "The Little Grammar," by E. A. Cross (Atlantic Monthly Press), which I am told on good authority "has all the grammar anyone needs to know." "English Grammar, Cor-

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The Readers Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

rect and Effective Use" by Kate Smith, Ethel Magee, and S. S. Seward (Ginn), is another excellent text for this purpose, and Edith Shepherd's "Unit Studies in Grammar" (Bobbs-Merrill) is clearly and simply written, with important words in heavy black print.

H. J., New York, asks for books for the study of Italian without a teacher.

I REFERRED this to Miss Theresa Galdi, at Casa Italiana, Columbia, who says that Russo's "Elementary Grammar," the "Simplified Italian Grammar" of Francis P. Cuccia, "Italian Conversation Grammar," by Sauer and Motti, and "An Elementary Grammar of the Italian Language," by A. Marinoni, may be confidently recommended for this purpose. There is a collection of such books at Casa Italiana, a stately building on Amsterdam avenue.

P. M. O'G., San Bernardino, Calif., has read Leonard Merrick's "The Little Dog Laughed" and enjoyed it so much that he has taken on a new interest in the short story, and asks for volumes exclusive of "Best" collections like those of Edward O'Brien and the O. Henry award—containing modern short stories only.

"A MODERN GALAXY" published by Houghton Mifflin, is a collection of unusual value and interest, being short stories by a number of authors whose full-length novels are published by this house; the standard of literary merit is uncommonly high, and they are most of them uncommonly strong in plot. "My Best Story" (Bobbs-Merrill) is a collection chosen by a number of famous English authors who took the matter seriously enough to give the reader not only a fine volume but some insight into their own opinions of their work. Of the volumes by a single author, like the one of Merrick mentioned (Dutton), the most important this year is "On Forsyte 'Change," by John Galsworthy (Scribner)—I must watch my typewriter, for Scribner says that a good proportion of the reviews of this work spoke of it as "*Forsythe* Change." I have already called on readers to profit by the art of Edith Wharton's "Certain People" (Appleton); Zona Gale's "Bridal Pond" (Knopf) has some of her best work in this field, and the distinctive twist of John Erskine's fiction is employed in a set of "continuations" of famous episodes in myth and fiction, "Cinderella's Daughter" (Bobbs-Merrill). There are a number of omnibus volumes of which Cunninghame Graham's "Thirty Tales and Sketches"(Viking)—it is a new gathering of adventure stories from all over the world—is especially noteworthy; and from distant places is John Russell's "Color of the East" (Norton) which includes three volumes of South Sea stories some of which are now out of print. The "Collected Stories of Saki" (Viking) is another indispensable omnibus. I cannot use that word, however, without being reminded of one of the best bargains in that line, "The Omnibus of Adventure," edited by John Grove (Dodd, Mead). This has a vast number of stories, all by authors of prominence and some by men of genius, of adventure all over the world; it is a man's book but is one of the most popular offerings of the Junior Literary Guild, so it suits both ages.

L. A. E., Penn Yan, N. Y., asks for two books on falsehood in war time, one that appeared last year and one of later publication.

THE first of these is the brief but searching study of the subject made by Arthur Ponsonby in "Falsehood in Wartime" (Dutton); the other is "Spreading Germs of Hate," by George Sylvester Viereck (Liveright), a larger work dealing with all nations in the late war and having illustrations. Along this line one might include also "No Popery," by Herbert Thurston, S. J. (Longmans, Green) a statement of some of the wilder things that have been said about the popes, such as the famous Pope Joan canard, with the historical facts of these matters. I include it because the title-page has a quotation from Galsworthy that fits all three books "But you don't suppose," said Michael, "that people would believe a thing like that!" "They will believe anything, my dear, that suggests corruption in public life." Or, one might add, that gets up steam for doing away with an enemy.

A. E. H., Minneapolis, Minn., belongs to a club of fifteen who will spend the year in the study of Scandinavian literature.

IF you take "Scandinavian Literature from Brandes to Our Day," by Topsöe-Jensen (Norton), as your guide, you will have not only critical estimates of these authors but at the back of the book a list of all their works that have appeared *in English*, with publishers given. This is a feature that would add immensely to any book about foreign literature: nothing is worse for the mind than to accept general statements about books one has not read, without making some effort to test these statements by reading. Yet one may not know where an English version can be found. In "Viking Civilization," by Axel Olrik, and "The Saga of the Volsungs" with two other famous works of the period, two books just published by Norton for the American-Scandinavian Foundation, there is a similar list of publications of the Foundation, all valuable to the student: these two books should be used at the beginning of this course. In the last few months several important works of fiction have been translated: Gunnar Gunnarsson's "Seven Days Darkness" (Macmillan), an extraordinary study of a descent of volcanic ash upon Iceland and the effect of the resulting darkness upon men's lives and minds; Olav Duun's "The Trough of the Wave" (Knopf), the first volume of a long family chronicle; "Vagabonds" (Coward-McCann), a robust and crowded novel of peasants and rovers, by Knut Hamsun; Arne Garborg's "Peace" (Norton), a famous psychological study; Sigfrid Simertz's novel of a department store, "Goldman's" (Cosmopolitan); Hjalmar Soderberg's autobiographical "Martin Birck's Youth" (Harper), and Sven Elvestad's "Case of Robert Robertson" (Knopf), an unusual detective-mystery thriller.

H. H. G. asked for small and inexpensive books preferably religious to use something like Christmas cards. "David's Star of Bethlehem," by Christine Whiting Parmenter (Crowell), is an appealing Christmas story with a happy ending; "A Present for Santa Claus," by Mildred Whitney Stillman (Duffield), originally staged in a toy theatre, a poetic, pleasant tale illustrated in color; "The Man at the Gate of the World," by W. E. Cule (Hale) a legend of the youngest Wise Man, with a hand-printed etching and a gold jacket; "Three Christmas Trees," by Juliana Horatia Ewing (Macmillan) has the lovely line drawings of Pamela Bianco; and Hawthorne's "The Snow Image" (Macmillan) those of Dorothy Lathrop. These would do for older or younger people; for a child learning French get "La Mésaventure de Mme. Popotte," Hugh Lofting's "Mrs. Tubbs" turned into a curiously moving little Gallic version with the original colored pictures. If a number of small books much the same in size and general character is required, examine the series of pretty little volumes issued by Dutton: "Gratitude," by Henry Van Dyke; "Happiness" and "Music," by William Lyon Phelps; "The House of the Soul," by Evelyn Underhill; "Conversation," by André Maurois, and a long line of like titles. If information is to be provided, look over the titles in The New Library (Cape & Smith) small books with Ernest Weekley's invaluable "The English Language," Percy Buck's "History of Music," and so on. Forget not that "Everyman's Library" is still the world's best buy for the classics, with the Oxford University Press's "World's Classics" a close runner-up, while the "Modern Library" has lately added to its long list some of the most surprising bargains on record, nothing less than Young's "The Medici," for instance, making the plunge from twelve dollars to ninety cents. Almost all the books herein named retail for a dollar or less.

FROM Hawaii comes another suggestion for "*Virgil Student.*" *Wisconsin C. E. B. C., Honolulu*, says that "Maphæus Vegius and his thirteenth Book of the Æneid: a chapter on Virgil in the Renaissance," by Amia Cox Brinton, Professor of Archæology at Mills College, California, is "a delightful addition to the bimillenial books. The book is printed by the Stanford University Press and takes rank with the best printed books of the year; it is illustrated with copies of wood block prints from Sebastian Brant's famous Virgil printed in 1494, new extremely rare."

This book of Professor Brinton's, by the way, is one of those listed in the admirable selective brief bibliography "Vergil" published by the Newark Public Library and Newark Museum in connection with their joint exhibition, from October 15 to December 30 of this bimillenial year. A Latin letter of invitation, "De Spectaculo Vergiliano," has been written for the Library by Dr. Charles Austin of the West Side High School and widely distributed, but if you visit Washington Park, Newark, where both these buildings are in easy reach of the Hudson Tubes, you will be welcomed without having to show a card.

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A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WRITINGS OF HENRY JAMES. By LEROY PHILLIPS. New York: Coward-McCann. 1930. $15.

WHEN, in 1906, Mr. LeRoy Phillips first published his bibliography of the writings of Henry James, his hero was still alive, and had in fact only recently brought out three of his best works, "The Wings of the Dove," "The Golden Bowl," and "The Ambassadors." For the preceding thirty years his novels and short stories and essays had been appearing everywhere, accepted by Boston, approved by Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Howells, and read by a large circle of admirers who wept over the Roman fever of Daisy Miller, and shuddered agreeably at the artistic life of poor Roderick Hudson, who seemed such an admirable example of everything wicked. No one, indeed, could write around facts and situations with more beautiful reticence than Mr. James; he appeared forever to be playing respectable little games of hide-and-seek with truth and the English language in which he himself invariably won. His intellectual world overflowed with persons of superior intelligence—even when they "made things out slowly" for themselves, they proceeded through the complications of human relations with such speed that many worthy readers wondered exactly what Mr. James would do if he were to discover himself unexpectedly in the company of ordinary men and women whose tongues alone created any impression of activity. But these problems were actually of no importance—the excitement of discovering how his Americans could fit themselves into the older social order of Europe was always sufficient to sustain interest, even through pages of indirect discourse of the most intricate nature in which mental acrobatics—children's as well as grandparents'—were subjected to elaborate analysis, and in which the development of the story was allowed more or less to look after itself. As a rule, unless something definite, like the death of a hero or heroine, occurred, there was invariably uncertainty about the exact conclusion of a Henry James novel.

Mr. Phillips's bibliography is a completely self-satisfied piece of work, giving its readers as much information as the author feels is good for them, and adding no more. He himself is greatly pleased with the fact that his "account of what Henry James had written prior to 1906" is now out of print, and that "copies as they turn up in auction sales or in dealers' catalogues command a noticeable premium." In his present revision, out of a total of 283 pages, 84 are devoted to "Original Works," 14 to "Contributions to Books," 11 to "Prefaces, Introductions, and a Translation," 2 to "Unpublished Dramatic Works," 9 to "Collective Editions," 93 to "Contributions to Periodicals" (a section that repeats certain material to be found elsewhere in his book), and 59 to an "Index," referred to as a "'List of Titles' of the work of Henry James as it has come to us in books and in periodicals—an alphabetical table of reference . . .—in which the author reflected the color and texture of his time," which is notable for the absence of *all* page references. From his own point of view the section, "Contributions to Periodicals" is the great part of the book; he has discovered quantities of unsigned notes and reviews, and has listed them with an attention quite out of proportion to their relative importance. It is a splendid thing to have them all gathered together, of course, and future students will undoubtedly be grateful to Mr. Phillips for his exhaustive work, but to many such labor will be rather meaningless—it might so much more effectively have been applied to a closer study of the actual James volumes. Unfortunately, in his treatment of the "Original Works," Mr. Phillips is at his worst; he refuses to be bothered with questions of priority of issue between English and American editions, and placidly disregards every detail of binding except for the phrases, "cloth," "paper wrappers," and "boards with cloth jacket." Exactly what one is to do about two similar copies of "A Little Tour in France," one in green cloth, and the other in dark red, or about a copy of "Stories Revived" with different contents from those listed by Mr. Phillips, is not clear; the present book will be of no assistance. The James revisions also fail to appeal to him: "Henry James has shown," he remarks, "that he was his own severest critic, canceling and amending his text, so that different editions of the same title may show variations. An enumeration of such mutations is not a bibliographer's responsibility, but they cannot be ignored entirely. Some of the more interesting have been noticed." One has to be thankful, apparently, for anything. It is a pity that Mr. Phillips, instead of trying to improve his earlier volume along the lines of really excellent modern bibliographies, should merely have produced another unsatisfactory book, deficient in detail and in clearness—it will have to do until someone else is willing to undertake again a task that might so easily have been finished definitely at the present time.

G. M. T.

TYPOGRAPHIC NOTES on the Phillips "Bibliography of the Writings of Henry James."

This is an enlarged and presumably definitive edition of Mr. Phillips's bibliography which was first issued by Houghton Mifflin & Company in 1906. The first edition was printed in Caslon type under Mr. Bruce Rogers's direction, and the present volume has been modeled in general on the lines of the first issue. Some small changes have been made in type face, and the loss in using machine-set type in place of hand-set is partly compensated by the elimination of wide spacing which, to some extent, disfigured the earlier work. A new title-page has been set. The presswork is excellent throughout. An all-rag paper has been used, and the binding, in paper sides with black cloth back and paper label, is durable and attractive.

R.

A new periodical, *The Book-Collector's Quarterly*, has just been announced in London. It is to be printed at the Curwen Press, and the average contents of each number will be one hundred pages. The ordinary edition costs three shillings a number, the "edition de luxe" of 100 copies, numbered and augmented, fifteen shillings. Subscriptions apparently may be sent to Henry Sotheran, Ltd., 43 Piccadilly, London, W.1, or to the publishers, Cassell & Company, Ltd. No mention is made of any editors, but since the first number is to contain articles by Holbrook Jackson, Edmund Blunden, and A. J. A. Symons, it is safe to assume that the work is in satisfactory hands.

G. M. T.

The Oxford University Press has added to its series of facsimile reprints Thomas Warton's "Verses on Sir Joshua Reynold's Painted Window at New-College, Oxford," originally printed for J. Dodsley in 1782. Introduced by a short bibliographical note of Mr. R. W. Chapman, the present issue is perfectly done, and so much more satisfying than the general work of this type that it proves again how pleasant such things can be made when they are carried out under intelligent direction. If only the Oxford Press will continue to make available to collectors at reasonable prices—the Warton poem costs $2—works that are invariably beyond the means of nearly everyone, it will certainly have increased the debt of public gratitude enormously.

G. M. T.

The English Dictionarie

THE ENGLISH DICTIONARIE OF 1623 BY HENRY COCKERAM. With a prefatory note by CHAUNCEY BREWSTER TINKER. New York: Huntington Press. 1930. 999 copies at $7.50.

WHAT at first might seem an odd volume to reprint turns out to be more interesting than many of the reprint ventures of our time. Cockerman was the first to use the word "dictionary" in the modern

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sense, although i st to publish a word book. So r suggests that this book of 1623 may be taken as the first English dictionary. It is simplicity itself: merely the word and its short, customary definition. No derivations, no pronunciations, no examples of use, no long involved meanings! Hence, good reading on almost every page.

The printing has been done with more than usual care, and the pitfalls of narrow measure with large type avoided. Fortunately, too, no more than the merest suggestion has been attempted of "period" typography. Altogether a charming little book in contents, style, and binding.

The present volume has a foreword by Professor Tinker. There will be a companion volume later, containing parts two and three of Cockeram's Dictionarie.

R.

More Hand Printing

THE BRIMMING CUP AND POTSHERDS. By CARLYLE MACINTYRE. Pasadena: Harry Ward Ritchie. 1930. 200 copies.

THIS is a first volume of poems. It has been set and printed by hand by Mr. Ritchie "at the press in the old Abbey of San Encino." Simple typography, a paper binding, and good hand press work make a quite satisfactory piece of printing. Such small columns can be produced at a minimum of expense and a maximum of good looks by such simple means.

SOME REMARKS ABOUT ANDREW LANG, with excerpts from his writings concerning the poet Shelley, by WILLIAM W. CLARY. Los Angeles: Privately printed at the Ampersand Press. 1930.

MR. CLARY has had the courage of Andrew Lang's conviction, that amateur writers should print only a few copies of their work for presentation to friends. The present essay has been happily produced by the joint labors of Mr. W. Irving Way (to whom American book lovers owe many a debt), Mr. Clary the author, and Messrs. Arthur M. Ellis and Grant Dahlstrom the printers. For the book has been hand-set and printed in an edition of seventy-five copies.

Hand-set and hand-printed books are not necessarily better than machine-made ones, and in the present instance there are some small details which are amateurish, as the makers probably realize. But it is the way to do such things, as Lang and the publishers realize. There is a definite feeling about a book so produced which cannot be achieved in any other way, and the satisfaction to the makers is without price. It is good to welcome such individualistic issues of the press.

Auction Sales Calendar

American Art Association-Anderson Galleries. January 7th: The Library of a New York Collector. First editions of English and American authors of the 19th and 20th centuries. These authors include: Sir James Barrie — 17 numbers, including one of twelve copies of his "Scotland's Lament: a poem on the death of Robert Louis Stevenson"; a presentation copy of R. D. Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," from the author to his friend Mortimer Collins; Joseph Conrad—58 items, chiefly presentation or inscribed copies, including an unrecorded issue of "Chance," London, no date, and "The Black Mate"; Charles Dickens; Walter de la Mare; A. E. Housman's "Shropshire Lad"; Rudyard Kipling; Thomas Hardy; John Masefield's "Salt-Water Ballads," London, 1920; Edgar Lee Masters's "Spoon River Anthology," New York, 1915, with the opening lines of the first poem inscribed by the author on the front end-paper; James Stephens; and Robert Louis Stevenson—35 items, including "The Pentland Rising: a page of history, 1666," a perfect copy of his first book; an excellent series of his Davos-Platz toy-books; "To the Thompson Class Club," Edinburgh, 1883; and "A Child's Garden of Verses," London, 1885, signed by the author.

G. M. T.

The sale of books and manuscripts, chiefly from the library of the late Mrs. J. H. Bostwick, held at the American Art-Anderson Galleries the sixteenth of the month, realized a total of $21,041.50. Gabriel Wells paid $1,900 for the original letters patent restoring the Province of Pennsylvania to William Penn in 1694; A. S. W. Rosenbach gave $750 for a three-page personal letter from Penn to Richard Hill; Charles Retz as agent paid $1,250 for the original Indian receipt for $10,000 paid by Thomas and Richard Penn for land ceded by the Treaty of Fort Stanwix; a Lincoln letter, dated July 15, 1862, was sold to G. A. Baker for $1,000; and A. J. Scheuer gave $580 for a presentation copy of the second edition of "Leaves of Grass," from the author to George M. Githens. G. M. T.

Mr. Edwin Valentine Mitchell, of Hartford, has recently published a reprint of the Percival Leigh-John Leech "Comic Latin Grammar," edited by Cedric E. Smith. According to Mr. Smith's introduction, "the present reprint has been made from the first edition with the obvious errors corrected. All the eccentricities of arrangement have been retained; there has been no attempt to alter anything except the obscurity which resulted in the first edition from poor printing and bad paper. . . . It is a book for which physical appearance was important, and the aim has therefore been to make the book more readable without destroying the atmosphere of the first edition." The entire work has been done remarkably well, and even though the humor of the text, to be appreciated fully, involves far more intimacy with the Latin language than many persons possess, there are always the Leech drawings which never fail to be amusing. It is a pleasure to have reprints of this intelligent kind. The price of the book is $2.50. G. M. T.

Sotheby & Company, London. December 15-17 inclusive: Literary Manuscripts and Autograph Letters, the property of various owners, together with a number of books. This sale included a letter from Napoleon to Madame Tallien; the manuscripts of three Burns poems; a series of seventeen letters from Byron to Mr. Samuel Barff (of the firm of Barff & Hancock, Bankers) at Sante; Cicero's "De Officiis et Paradoxa," Mainz, 1466, Johann Fust and Peter Schoeffer; "The Returne from Parnassus or the Scourge of Simony," London, 1606; "The Book intytulyd The Art of Good Lywyng and Good Deyng," Paris (1503); George Chapman's "The Widdowes Teares," London, 1612; F. Lenton's "The Young Gallants Whirligig," London, 1629; R. Hutchinson's "Faithful Declaration of Christes Holy Supper," London, John Day, 1560; Philip Melanchthon's "Confessyon of Fayth," probably printed at Canterbury.

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NEWS!

On January 15th, 1931, *The Inner Sanctum* will officially end the 1929-1930 era of gloom and melancholy by releasing to a palpitant public the long awaited *Golden Treasury of Ogden Nashery*—a mad, mad volume of irresistibly uproarious verse, entitled *Hard Lines*. Here is Exhibit A:

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A complete index to the contents of THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE is always available in the READERS' GUIDE TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE, published by the H. W. Wilson Company, 950-972 University Avenue, New York City.

The Guide is on the reference shelves of public libraries.

WELL, we hope that you had a very Merry Christmas. It's too bad that *Ogden Nash's* "Hard Lines" wasn't out in time to recommend to you as the ideal Christmas gift. However, it's an ideal gift at any time. Neither are we in Mr. Nash's pay. . . .

Keith Winter, the young Englishman who wrote "Other Man's Saucer," has an odd way of working. His "best hours," it seems, are from four to seven. He seeks out at that time the most crowded tea-shop he can find and scribbles furiously in the very midst of the clatter, with other men's saucers all around him. . . .

Michael Arlen has a son. . . .

Anton Otto Fischer has done the illustrations for still another edition of "Moby Dick," one which the John C. Winston Company are getting out. We still have pasted in a scrap-book of ours the jacket Fischer did for *Masefield's* "Sard Harker," one of the best illustrations that, to our mind, has been done in modern times. . . .

Random House is issuing a signed, limited first edition of *George Moore's* "Aphrodite in Aulis." The price is twenty bucks. . . .

Joseph Lewis French has sent us "The Ballad of *Llewelyn Jones* or The Lay of the Needy Book Reviewer," an appreciation of a great book editor which only goes to show that things are in Chicago just about as they are around the *Saturday Review* office in New York:

Oh thou, the high and mighty Jones
Whose prefix tops Hellvelyn
Accept these sighs, accept these groans,
Llewelyn! oh, Llewelyn!

For weeks this city's weltering ways
I've only heard my knell in
Five weeks of starveling nights and days
Llewelyn! oh, Llewelyn!

And when at last weak, famished, fain,
*I have approached your dwellin'**
You've succored me with books amain.
Llewelyn! oh, Llewelyn!

Yea, oft when I would fain give o'er
This sad, cold world's repellin'
You've held me up with one book more
Llewelyn! oh, Llewelyn!

Then would I hie me to my room
Deep in my humble dwellin'
To hurl that author to his doom
Llewelyn! Oh, Llewelyn!

Then forth to Powner or McClurg
To compass quick his sellin'
Swift to some feed-shop in the burg
Llewelyn! oh, Llewelyn!

There would I gorge me on his toll
In soup and hash and melon
As erst I'd feasted on his soul
Llewelyn! oh, Llewelyn!

These things mayhap, thyself hast known
As round the office smellin'
Thou threwest the poor dog a bone
Llewelyn! oh, Llewelyn!

So to thee, high and mighty Jones,
Whose prefix tops Hellvelyn
I strike my lyre in loudest tones
Llewelyn! oh, Llewelyn!

* Meaning "the office."

The most extraordinary statement we have seen made recently was that by *Bernard Shaw* when he called the late *Sir Henry Irving* "a simpleton and an ignoramus." The remark was obviously intended for wide quotation, and here we are giving it additional publicity! . . .

Wyndham Lewis has got out a pamphlet concerning his novel "The Apes of God." The novel ought to be well worth reading. Mr. Wyndham Lewis is almost as talented a publicity man for his own work as *Mr. Bernard Shaw*. In the pamphlet, "Satire and Fiction," *Mr. Roy Campbell* submits a review he wrote of Mr. Lewis's novel which was rejected by *Mr. Ellis Roberts* of *The New Statesman*. Mr. Lewis prints a photographic facsimile of Mr. Ellis Roberts's letter which aroused furious indignation in the breast of Mr. Campbell, a rather mild missive so to rile the South African poet. Apparently there is a great conspiracy afoot in England to run down Mr. Lewis's novel,—or is there? Mr. Lewis basks in a bombardment and is intensely active on all fronts at once. . . .

To return to Shaw, William H. Wise & Company announced quite a while ago the publication of the Collected Works, an edition limited to 1790 numbered sets, the first five volumes of which were to be ready last September. The edition contains, among other interesting things, Shaw's first novel, "Immaturity," completed in 1879 but until now never published. . . .

Antoinette Burgess sends us a postscript to her letter which we printed several weeks ago. She says:

> In writing of our literary neighbors here, I quite forgot to mention one special friend of mine who lives near us, at Fleet, in a tiny cottage that he has christened Walden, for love of *Thoreau*. He is *John Still*, the author of "Jungle Tides," a book that I have put on my shelf between "The Purple Land" and "The Pathway," and not far from the Jungle Books. Indeed I'm not sure that it ought not to outrank the last-named, for it is pure fact, and no Mowgli ever knew his jungle beasts more intimately. John Still has also published "A Prisoner in Turkey" and "Poems in Captivity", when he was taken prisoner (one of but *five* survivors of his regiment) at Gallipoli, he began writing poetry to maintain his sanity under the unspeakable conditions under which the prisoners were housed and the diabolical treatment they received. Also he has written a book on "The Ancient Capitols of Ceylon," where he lived for twenty years. He is one of the most remarkable and interesting men I have ever met, and not least among his claims to interest is the fact that he is a lineal descendant of the original *Little Jack Horner*, and has a portrait of that worthy hanging in his living-room!
>
> I went recently in London to Bumpus's exhibition of the Oxford Press publications, an immensely interesting exhibit, and one that impels one to the belief that if no other publishing house had ever existed the world would still have enough to read, and all of the very highest quality.
>
> I have also been to see *Muirhead Bone's* pictures of Spain: the only Spanish pictures I have ever seen that are *really* Spain—truly the spirit of the country, as are *Cunninghame Graham's* books. He, by the bye, has written an "appreciation" for the catalogue, in his inimitable style. The last time I went to see the pictures Mr. Bone was in the gallery, and I had a pleasant chat with him, in the course of which we spoke of *Christopher Morley*. And I've been up to Oxford to see *Massinger's* "A New Way to pay Old Debts" given by the Merton poets, and to hear the jolly German opera, "Czar und Zimmermann," given by the O. U. D. S.—in both of which one of my undergraduate friends took part.
>
> Now I am looking forward with eagerness to the re-opening of Sadler's Wells Theatre on Twelfth Night, with the like-named play. How many unforgettable things have we to see here, and do in this blessed island! But what a winter climate—ugh! If I could but see the real sun just once these days I should become a Zoroastrian on the spot.

A collection of short stories by *Osbert Sitwell*, entitled "Dumb Animal" has aroused praise in England and Lippincott will publish it over here next Spring. . . .

Sinclair Lewis received a letter from Holland addressed, "Mr. Sinclair Lewis, America's Noble Prize Winner, U. S. A.,"—so who says the U. S. Post office doesn't know a Nobel Prize Winner when it sees one? . . .

Paul Feval's "Salute to Cyrano," Longmans, is the last of his "stories that Dumas forgot to write," and is a book entirely separate from its predecessors. It is coming out in January. . . .

"Here's How!" write the publishers of *Selden Rose's* book on "Wine Making for the Amateur" published by The Bacchus Club, Box 113, New Haven, Connecticut, at fifteen dollars. Perhaps Judge *Clarke's* decision will put this gifted amateur out of business, perhaps and probably not. But the book, with its excellent woodcuts and admirable typography, can only be made more of a rarity by the greater rarity of a Supreme Court reversing itself. But how, we ask, after reading, can a real wine-maker have time to make anything else? A colleague of ours, using mysterious initials, reviewed this book in "The Compleat Collector." *Mr. Rollins* who runs half of that column, objects to the praise of his own wares (he set up the book) under his entablature. Well, we didn't write the review, but this is what we say in *our* column. . . .

THE PHOENICIAN.

The AMEN CORNER

Now is Christèmas y-come—and gone On the whole it was a very jolly one. We were somewhat apprehensive lest the yuletide spirit this year be a little forced. But the carols went off amazingly well (thanks to the *Oxford Book of Carols*),[1] our gifts really were "just what we wanted," nobody had colds in the head, and the yule-log couldn't have blazed with more mediaeval splendor in a baronial hall. The benevolence of an elderly and plutocratic relative was happily undiminished, and the result was a visit yesterday morning to the library of the Oxford University Press.

If you, too, have a Christmas cheque to spend, there is no better investment than good books of the kind for which Oxford is famous. As a permanent nucleus for your library you will want to have as many as possible of the Oxford Standard Authors.[2] Next come the numerous special editions of the poets, like the one-volume *Poems of John Donne*, edited by H. J. C. Grierson,[3] and the one-volume *Poems of Richard Lovelace*, edited by C. H. Wilkinson[4] and printed in the famous Fell type. The eagerly awaited *Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins*, edited by the late Robert Bridges[5] has now appeared also. Our impatience to see this edition of the works of a remarkable poet, long out of print, was considerably increased by the *Life of Gerard Manley Hopkins* by Father Gerald Lahey,[6] which was published a few months ago. Speaking of Robert Bridges, the new edition of *The Testament of Beauty* is now ready with revisions made by the late Poet Laureate just before his death. It is in a larger type and is beautifully bound in white buckram.[7] If you are classically inclined, you will not be able to rest until you have added to your library Mr. J. W. Mackail's edition of *The Æneid of Virgil*, with a commentary such as only he can write. The Æneid is treated as a work of art and not as a subject for mere textual annotation, important as that is. So interesting is Mr. Mackail's method that it was the subject of a long editorial in the *New York Times* Sunday before last. The book itself is beautifully produced and well worth its price.[8] Another volume that is appropriate to the year of the Virgil bi-millenium is *Vergil's Primitive Italy*,[9] by Catharine Saunders. If you are fond of limited editions, you should have the new facsimile just published of the famous first edition of Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon*, with binding after Rossetti's original design,[10] limited to 500 copies. Probably the most exciting limited edition is the new *Ancient Mariner*, designed by Bruce Rogers,[11] and printed throughout in the unique Fell type. It is a book which no bibliophile will miss.

If you like to be entertained—and at the same time instructed—read *Up the Country*, by the Hon. Emily Eden,[12] with an introduction (collectors please note) by Edward Thompson. These letters written to her sister, by the sardonic authoress of a novel called *The Semi-Attached Couple*, from the Upper Provinces of India, form a witty and vivid account of the country about a hundred years ago or less. These delightful impressions were gathered during a two-year tour in the company of her brother Lord Auckland, then Governor General of India. The London *Times* calls this book "incomparable" and adds: "Miss Eden was so alert, so graphic: her eye for characteristic detail so quick and sure; her pen at once so sharp and kindly, as far to surpass all the journals and letters of that period that as yet have come to light." Of course you have already bought for yourself Dr. Flexner's *Universities: American, English, German*.[13] But here is a bit of good advice from Lewis Gannett, writing in the New York *Herald Tribune:* "If you have a professor-friend, and can be sure he has not already sold his overcoat in order to buy it, you might give him Abraham Flexner's 'Universities.' It may make him rage; it may make him cheer; it is guaranteed to excite him." There are many other Oxford books you will not be able to do without, but you had better write and ask them for their list of recent books, and mention the field you are particularly interested in.

Let him that hath a Christmas check cash quickly, choose slowly, and enjoy leisurely. And so, God rest you merry.

THE OXONIAN.

(1) $2.50 with music. Miniature Edition, $1.25; (2) $1.50 per volume. Write for complete list to Oxford University Press, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York; (3) $2.50; (4) $7.00; (5) $3.00; (6) $3.00; (7) $3.50; (8) $7.00; (9) $3.00; (10) $10.00; (11) $7.50; (12) $3.00; (13) $3.50.

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